JOHN BULL, week ending Dec. 5, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1903

3D EVERY THURSDAY

GIVE YOUTH ITS CHANCE by the EDITOR

'TRAMP' DEFIES A CRUISER

HITLER'S THREE WEAK SPOTS By A.G.G.

FOOD FACTS

KEEP ON KEEPING ON!

More guns! More munitions! More troops! Still the ships are needed for the allied attack. Never were ship-saving foods so important.

First among them are the "home-growns" — potatoes the finest of all — but there are others. Dried foods such as Household Milk and Dried Egg save millions of tons of shipping.

Yet there are some readers of Food Facts who haven't yet taken their first tin of Household Milk, although the share-out began five weeks ago. When liquid milk is short you *need* this help in keeping your family "fighting fit."

HOW TO GET YOUR HOUSEHOLD MILK

The first winter share-out of Household Milk began on October 18th, and goes on for eight weeks. Everyone can get 1 tin per Ration Book. *You get your tin from the shop at which you are registered for sugar.* The weeks are passing quickly. Don't delay, collect your Household Milk now — it costs only 9d. a tin.

HOW TO MIX HOUSEHOLD MILK

1. Pour 1 pint of lukewarm water into a wide-necked jug.

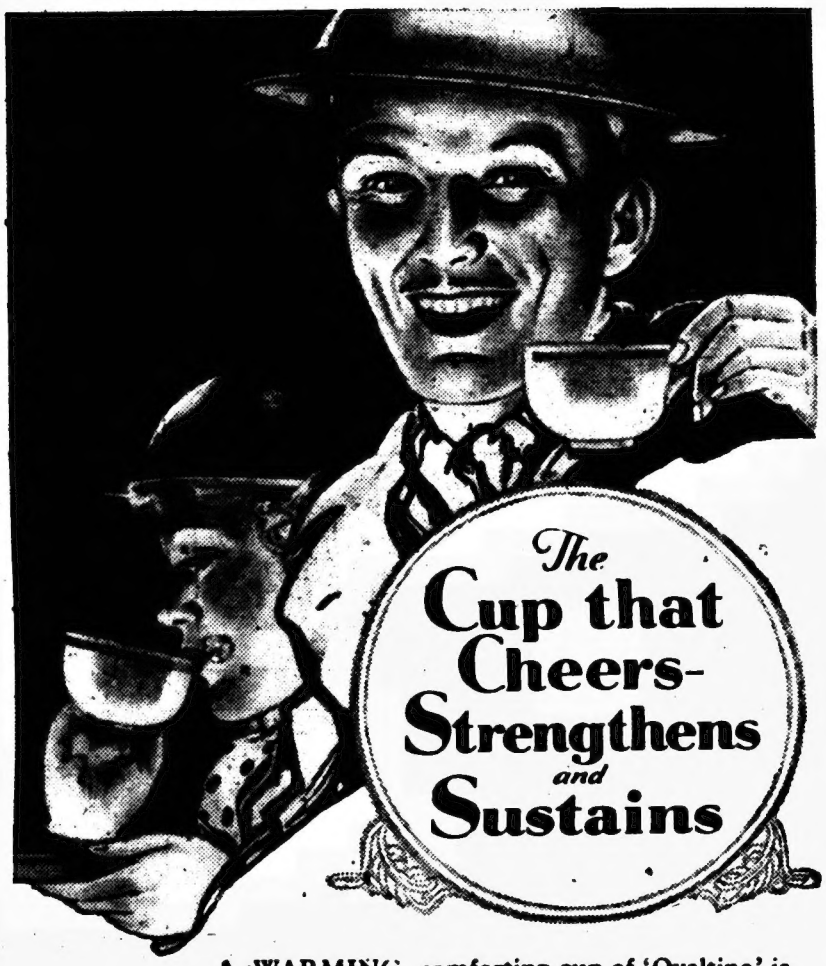
2. Take 5 level tablespoonfuls of the milk powder and sprinkle a little on top of the water, stir briskly with a fork until dissolved.

3. Continue stirring, adding remainder of powder slowly.

HOW TO USE HOUSEHOLD MILK

Every tin of Household Milk contains the equivalent of four pints of skimmed milk — milk with all the goodness except the fat. Only mix the amount of milk you need at any one time. Household Milk is specially good for cooking. You can make white sauces, milk puddings, batters, etc. You can use it for mixing in cakes and scones, or in coffee, tea and cocoa. This will enable you to keep your fresh milk for the children and your Household Milk for cooking.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 125



A WARMING, comforting cup of 'Ovaltine' is a delicious prelude to the night's duty. Its concentrated nourishment–derived from Nature's finest foods–strengthens, energises and sustains.

When duty is done and opportunity comes for rest, you will find 'Ovaltine' a soothing influence and a great help in quickly inducing sleep. Moreover, the special nutritive properties of 'Ovaltine' assist in making your sleep fully restorative and revitalising.

By day or night, whenever there is work to be done, strength to maintain and energy to conserve, make 'Ovaltine your constant stand-by. It will do much to reinforce your resistance against the chills and ills of wintry weather, and to keep up your fitness-for-service

'Ovaltine' is easily and quickly prepared. If milk is not available, water can be used, as 'Ovaltine' itself contains milk. 'Ovaltine' also has the advantage of being naturally sweet so that there is no need to add sugar.

Delicious **OVALTINE**

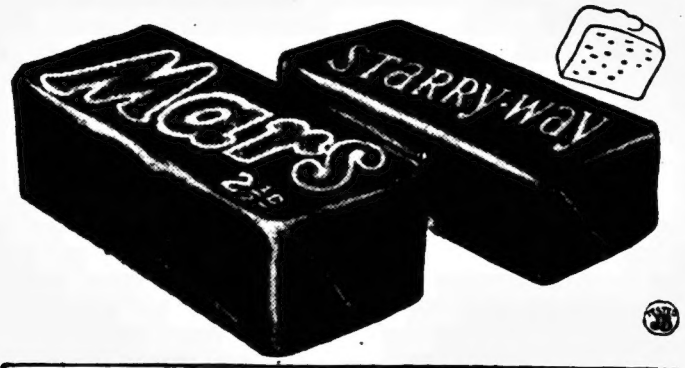
The Best Stand-by Food Beverage

P600A

CUT THEM INTO SLICES

and make the most of these two big-value chocolate-coated candy bars

They are big not only in size but in delicious goodness, made from the very finest materials obtainable to-day (including separated milk and rich-with-energy glucose).



MARS BAR $2\frac{1}{2}^{D}$	STARRY WAY $1\frac{1}{2}^{D}$

Buses may come and Buses may go...

but they're often full up.

Tired of waiting you decide to walk. Keep your shoes fit for this extra "War-time" walking by using

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

It preserves the leather and makes shoes comfortable and waterproof.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

CB/ZQ

Give your family the meal-time drink that is a food as well

The drink you give your family at meals can be a good body-building, energy-giving food. Give them Rowntree's Cocoa. It is nourishing and easily digestible, and even makes it easier to digest your other food. Make Rowntree's Cocoa your regular meal-time drink.

Rowntree's Cocoa makes every meal go further

FUEL COMMUNIQUE

FUEL RIGHTS— *and* WRONGS

it's RIGHT *to*

Keep saucepans covered tightly. Much heat is lost if steam is allowed to escape.
Bank a fire well with slack to make the coal burn longer.
Last thing at night lift off any large lumps of coal from fire for use next day.
Put an extra dish in your oven one day, so as to save heating it up next day.
Arrange to share a fire with a friend or neighbour at least once a week.

it's WRONG *to*

Leave the heat full on under a saucepan once it has begun to boil.
Leave coals of any size on the fire last thing at night.
Use the grill for making toast—it's so hard on gas or electricity.
Wash your hands or brush your teeth under a running tap.

THE BATTLE FOR FUEL

KEEP YOUR EYE ON YOUR FUEL TARGET

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

Make the "TONGUE TEST" twice!

before and after using Irium

Run the tip of your tongue over your teeth. Do you feel a filmy coating? If you do, you need Irium — the new super-cleanser in Pepsodent. For Irium flushes film away, and keeps it away by polishing teeth so shiny-smooth that film slides off. Change to Pepsodent today and see the brilliant change that comes over your teeth when dingy stain-collecting film disappears for good.

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

7½d. 1/3, 2/2 Including Tax.

PEPSODENT

115-e-3

A wife to be proud of

THOUSANDS LIKE HER needed NOW in ATS and WAAF

Her husband is in the Royal Artillery. She was not doing work that really helped the war. So she has joined the ATS, and is training to be an Ack-Ack operator, releasing a man for the offensive.

Her husband is proud of her because he knows she has the spirit that will make the offensive a success. Everyone on their toes! *Everything* for the war — to end it in one last mighty effort.

Thousands more women are needed on Ack-Ack and on 100 other types of work in the ATS and WAAF. Don't spend another day *wondering* whether you are helping the war effort as much as you could. The country's greatest need is that women should enter the Services. Go to the nearest Recruiting Centre or Employment Exchange to get full information. Or send in the coupon (1d. stamp).

297 Oxford Street, London, W.1 3015 GW. 4.

Please send me full information about being trained as an A.A. operator in the ATS.

Mrs. / *Miss* } ..... Cross out "Mrs." or "Miss"

Address .....

County ..... *Date of birth and address* .....

No British woman can stand aside NOW!

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, December 5, 1942.
93. Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them, naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

NO JOKE

● The Civil Service is an easy butt for music hall comedians these days. It makes us more angry than amused.

One Civil Servant handles papers marked "Secret and Confidential." But there's nowhere in his office where they can be locked up!

In fact, he has to keep about half a hundredweight of official papers at his own home.

Some inspectors are posted to jobs without even being given copies of the regulations they are supposed to enforce.

Cameras would save hours of "free-hand drawing" in some Departments. Photostats would save an immense amount of laborious copying.

But the Civil Service prefers to do things as in 1899.

Its reform should not be left until after the war. Quite a lot could be done now—not by changing the whole system, but by freshening it with a little common-sense.

Straight from the Shoulder

MARCHING IN STEP

OUR prospects are bright.

There are encouraging signs that the need for united strategy is at last being realised.

Stalin timed his offensive to the very day when it could best fit in with the Anglo-American entry into North Africa and our attack on Rommel.

Russian Plans

No hasty improvisation is that forward surge of the Russians which has already swept entire German armies to destruction.

It was patiently planned to the finest detail once Stalin knew our intentions regarding Africa.

And it is something more than a "campaign of expediency."

This Winter

FOR THERE ARE SIGNS THAT A MASSIVE AND WIDESPREAD RUSSIAN OFFENSIVE WILL BE SUSTAINED THROUGHOUT THE WINTER.

Gathering Strength

In Africa, we still have a long way to go.

Our 1st Army has a heavy task because of the strength of the Nazi defences in Tunisia. The 8th Army, too, is faced with a stiff fight.

The enemy has large air reinforcements available. So have we—and indeed all our preparations have been on a massive scale.

We have reasons for being hopeful of the outcome.

Sinking the Japs

On the other side of the world, it is clear that the American claims of naval victories have contained no whit of exaggeration.

The Japanese losses have been severe indeed. They should help to accelerate Wavell's offensive in Burma, where the Japanese are hastily reinforcing.

Blazing the Trail

Already our bombers are striking a trail of fire and havoc as far as Mandalay. Our armies will follow.

At all costs we must reopen the supply road to China. With the utmost speed we must equip the enormous Chinese armies that will eventually vanquish the Japanese.

The Darlan Enigma

After such great military possibilities, the problems of diplomacy would seem unexciting—but for Darlan.

He has everyone guessing. Most sorely puzzled are the Fighting French, the underground movement in France, and the masses of French people who have no use for Fascism.

Quick Results

But Gen. Eisenhower, who must take responsibility for the Darlan appointment, has produced great and quick results.

Moreover, Darlan's sincerity will soon be tested by his deeds; the action of the French sailors at Toulon may justify Eisenhower's judgment.

Blunder at Toulon

Hitler needs Toulon as a supply base in place of bomb-shattered Genoa. But his occupation of the port has been one of his worst blunders.

Not only has he lost the great fleet for which he angled so long. He has stirred the pride of France. He has caused a great impetus to the regeneration of the true France.

Large Headache

Here at home, the manpower puzzle gives a headache to nearly all our Ministers. To Mr. Bevin, particularly, it must prompt many nightmares as well.

He will have to find nearly two million more workers next year.

That figure alone should give some idea of the vast and continuing expansion of our war production—and provide the Axis with food for thought.

Muddle and Mess

We are wasting time—which means labour—at a reckless rate. It is being wasted by official muddle and by a big hole in official organisation.

Regional production boards lack authority. Too often they must refer awkward questions to London.

Thus there is delay, uncertainty—and squabbling.

Shadow Ministry!

The Minister of Production must accept the blame. If he has not the power necessary for his office, he should demand it. If he has that power, he should see that his organisation is efficient.

Mr. Lyttelton has had time enough to make up his mind how production can be most smoothly arranged. Not for much longer will he be able to ask our patience.

Dug In

Certainly no one can pretend that post-war planning is going smoothly. And no one ever expected that it would.

Our vested interests are strongly entrenched. They will fight to the last ditch. JOHN BULL believes they should be fought *now*.

Twice Over

It seems to us that our men should not be expected to fight twice over.

They are battling magnificently to beat Hitler—none better, according to a South African general.

But they should not be called on, after the war, to battle for a fair deal in Britain. Their future, and that of all of us, should be safeguarded *before* the war is won.

The Choice

The issue the Government must face is quite simple:

Are the people going to control economic power? Or will it be retained by the vested interests?

That issue cannot be evaded. Nor is a compromise possible.

Foolish Excuse

The Government is trying to dodge the issue It pretends that the question cannot be settled now for fear of disturbing the "national unity."

What rubbish!

The people of Britain—and the ordinary peoples of the whole world—are united on this question. It may be, however, that our Ministers are not so united.

Setting an Example

As the *Times* has said: "The example of unity in action must come from the Cabinet itself."

And, as it has bluntly declared, "On many sides lack of confidence in the future after the war has been a serious moral hindrance to our war effort."

Remove that lack of confidence, and our war effort will be tremendously increased.

Nothing Doing

Freedom from want cannot be guaranteed to the people unless the world's resources are controlled by the people.

Unemployment cannot be abolished until that is done. So far, the Government has done nothing towards that end.

On the Shelf

Months have passed since the Uthwatt report was issued. The Government has shelved it. So our battered cities dare not publish their rebuilding plans for fear of land speculators buying the sites.

Months have passed since the Scott report appeared. It is accumulating dust. And so the fate of agriculture after the war is uncertain.

Guarantee We Want

Now there is the Beveridge report. It will deserve months of consideration. But the vested interests are not waiting for months They are already working to kill the plan.

And what guarantee have we that they will not be allowed to succeed?

World Council

Britain should take the initiative in setting up a World Reconstruction Council on which all the United Nations would be represented It would be a council (as we have said before) where organised labour could make its influence felt.

The machinery for such a purpose already exists—the machinery of the International Labour Office.

Prime Importance

If this step were taken, the peoples of the world would be sure that the peace would not be frittered away, and they would fight the war with fresh determination.

It is an encouraging sign that the T.U.C. has taken the initiative in discussing the future of industry with Sir William Jowitt, our Minister in charge of reconstruction.

The idea of a small committee representing the T.U.C. and the employers—is a promising step.

Hastening Victory

It is the habit of governments to postpone action in order to avoid trouble—and then run into stiffer trouble because of the postponement.

Our leaders must realise that delay will not save them from the necessity of taking action.

They would be wise to plan the peace now—and thus speed the war's end.

(Continued overleaf)

A WIDOW WRITES TO "JOHN BULL":—

"It will be a great help towards brightening the future for myself and daughter." *So writes Mrs. E. E. Smith, of Gloucester, in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull" following the death of her husband who was killed whilst attempting to put out an incendiary bomb*

"John Bull" offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WHY wait for the war's end to reform the hospitals?

Many of them still treat out-patients as if they were patient cattle. And their lack of system, which could be remedied now, wastes time the nation can ill-afford.

In the Queue

One sailor's wife waited three hours in a London hospital before being told to return next day.

Again she took the morning off from work. Again she waited for hours. Her request for quick attention was met by rudeness.

Four Doctors

At last she was shown into a room where *four* doctors were seated. Told to undergo an operation in a few months' time, she asked a question about it. The presiding doctor didn't bother to answer.

She mentioned that she was expecting a baby. "Obviously," he snapped.

She Went

Then she lost her temper. She advised those doctors to travel after the war and see—as she had done—how hospitals were conducted abroad.

Furiously they ordered her out of the place. She was glad to go.

By Telephone

We can tell her that not all British hospitals treat the sick as if they were pauper lunatics.

We can assure her that one London hospital has decided that out-patients can, in future, make appointments by 'phone.

But we must admit that most of our hospitals need both a friendlier atmosphere and a businesslike organisation.

No Admittance

One Yorkshire hospital recently refused to admit a Home Guard who had been injured. He had to be taken to a hospital outside the town, and there he died soon afterwards.

Of course, the first hospital might have been full. But at least it should have spared a doctor to examine the man.

Condemned to Die

That introduces one of the most poignant tragedies in the land. Each year, 27,000 people die in Britain from tuberculosis. Many of them could be saved by hospital treatment.

The treatment isn't available. There are doctors enough. But there aren't enough nurses and wardmaids.

Where's Nurse!

Thus, the Minister of Health tells us that 130 Manchester consumptives await treatment. The new wing at Baguley Sanatorium could accommodate eighty-four of them, but it's had to be closed for want of staff.

As Mr. Brown says, at least 1,200 nurses are needed in sanatoria up and down the land.

Time to Act

All Mr. Brown's appeals to young women have failed to get the recruits. And we think it's really time he tried other methods.

He might, for instance, offer such good conditions to nurses and wardmaids that girls would no longer be tempted by private domestic service.

Two in Family

Mr. Bevin is said to be considering the rationing of servants. We hope so.

There can be no objection to a servant being kept by people who cannot do their own housework.

But such advertisements as "Second parlour-maid wanted; two in family; five maids kept" do not tend to console poor folk whose young daughters are called up for the Forces.

Poo'ing the Work

Why not pool the servants available?

We know two women who are on full-time war work. One of them looks after an eighty-year-old mother. Billeted with them are a man war-worker and his wife.

The billeting officer says another worker may be posted to their six-roomed house. Yet they have been vainly trying to get domestic help since war began.

Called Up

Here's another case for consideration:

A delicate girl, almost stone deaf, applied for exemption from National Service. She looks after her widowed father, who works sixteen hours a day on the land.

Exemption was refused. She was told her father should either go into lodgings or look after himself.

● Don't blame the small shopkeeper if he charges you 13s. 5d. for a Christmas toy that can be bought in a chain store for 10s.

He isn't profiteering. The Government has fixed prices and profits for manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers—but there is a snag in the scheme.

The chain stores can deal direct with the manufacturers, whose maximum price is 5s. The stores will sell at 10s. to the public.

But the small shopkeeper must deal with a wholesaler, whose permitted maximum price is 6s. 8d., plus purchase tax. So the shopkeeper's price to the public must be 13s. 5d.

Thus is the "little man" penalised by the State.

Incidentally, there will be fewer toys than the public has been led to believe. There will in fact be one joy for every twenty that wholesalers supplied in pre-war years.

Turned Down

In the same district, the only draper's shop is run by a widow. Her three sons are in the Forces and she often has to enter hospital.

Her only daughter looks after her—and manages the business when she is away.

Applying for exemption, the girl was told that her mother must either close down or find someone else to run the shop.

Odd—Very Odd

Yet we are told that the local official who deals with such cases has a servant at home—a girl who has registered for Service but has not been interviewed.

We hope it isn't true.

The New Poor

Quite a lot of domestic labour will presumably be required by the "well-known peer" who is advertising for a sporting estate of 5,000 acres or so.

Sir Kingsley Wood need certainly have no fear that he has taxed the rich into penury.

Idle Hands

In these days, better use should be made of the labour on sporting estates. And even of the labour engaged on so-called war work!

We hear of carpenters, bricklayers and plumbers taken from good jobs and sent to Government building sites where there is nothing for them to do. Hundreds more are on the way.

Why not divert them to building houses for land workers and the bombed-out?

Marking Time

Similarly, we hear of a scientific instrument assembler who was sent by Neath employment exchange to a job as timekeeper and first-aid attendant.

When the job came to an end, he was made a factory labourer. And that despite his knowledge of turning, horizontal milling and precision fitting.

Comb-Out!

No, the labour reservoir is not yet exhausted. Here's further proof:

In one factory, two sons of the "boss" have kept out of the Forces by being posted as "assistant managers."

And the only "war work" done in the factory is a little suède dressing for industrial gloves.

Double Check

Government Departments are no less prodigal with time and labour. Thus, when a machine tool is reconditioned for the "pool," the work is passed by an inspector from a department known as M.T.C.9.

But it cannot be sent to the "pool" until an inspector arrives from M.T.C.10—and sometimes weeks elapse before he calls.

It's a Mystery

One of the worst sufferers from official delay is a factory engaged on urgent aircraft work. It has been needing brass for months.

Officialdom has just told it that ample stocks of brass are stored in a certain town. But they will not be released until late in January!

Making them Shine

Stranger still is a film showing a little-known branch of our war effort: the making of regimental badges.

Are they mechanically produced by the thousand? Not so. They are cast separately. Cut separately. Polished separately. Assembled separately. Soldered and inspected separately. Indeed, it takes a lot of processes—and quite a lot of workers—to make our soldiers' caps glitter.

It's a Lovely War

Show that film to the Russians and they'd think us mad. They might be right.

To retain such flummery in a total war is no tribute to the sanity of Service supply chiefs.

Muddling the Milk

Milk distribution must be improved.

In some districts there is hardly enough for "priority" users. Manchester is a black spot.

Other districts get far more than their fair share.

Worth the Points

The managing director of one of the country's biggest combines fell ill with pleurisy the other day. He couldn't get a certificate for more milk, so the family went on dried milk to give him the extra spot for which he thirsted.

They now wonder why public prejudice is such that tins of dried milk are rusting on the shelves of the Combine's shops.

Free Meals

And *we* wonder why, when some twenty members of the visiting committee inspect a city mental hospital each month, they are provided with a meal of rationed goods and the table is decorated with expensive flowers—while taxis are kept waiting for a couple of hours to take them back.

And does it happen at only one city in the North?

Heard in Whitehall

Much more involved were the questions we heard a poor old man asking a Whitehall official the other day.

As it happened, the official he had button-holed was not an ordinary inquiry clerk. He was a Public Relations Officer—the link between a Ministry and the Press.

The P.R.O. listened courteously. Then he got busy with the telephone. Soon the old man was leaving with a beam of satisfaction.

For the Future

We tell that story because we suggest the P.R.O. should not disappear after the war. We should like him to remain with increased duties.

He should, in fact, become a real Public Relations Officer—a man to whom any citizen could appeal on a matter affecting the Ministry he represents.

Behind the News

● Hitler has urgently ordered General Fromm, Chief of the German Reserve Army, to provide new divisions for the front line.

● *At the same time, S.S. Black Guards are being withdrawn from the front to Germany's Iron Belt, last defence line against a possible invasion.*

● Other German troops have been moved to the Brenner as a precaution against internal developments in Italy.

● Luftwaffe General Loehr has ordered ruthless campaign against the guerillas in Yugoslavia and Greece, to be completed by the New Year.

● *Italian aircraft production has come to a standstill owing to destruction of some plants and lack of coal in others.*

● Papen, Nazi Ambassador in Turkey, is trying to open peace negotiations, has the support of Dr. Schacht and other Nazis.

● Nazis offer French prisoners of war full freedom, one month's home leave at once, and special family allowances if they accept active service against Allies, and extra rations and good pay if they join labour battalions on eastern front.

● *But inside France labour conscription has been applied as a reprisal for recent strikes and hesitation to work for Germany.*

● Loss of Dakar has lost Hitler two years' services of hundreds of his harbour technicians, many million pounds' worth of material.

● His man-power needs have become so vital that R.A.F. damage is no longer being repaired—or even cleaned up, except to retrieve valuable machinery.

● *Himmler is in charge of new "diplomatic" effort to persuade Spain to abandon neutrality.*

BEVERIDGE REFORMS—A WARNING

IT is out at last—the greatest social plan of our times.

It will be criticised, of course. Indeed, JOHN BULL will take a share in the criticism. But, above all, it will be attacked by the spokesmen of Reaction.

And here JOHN BULL issues a warning to the public.

We say—we know—that the leave-things-as-they-were champions will use every method to defeat the Beveridge proposals.

They will not only oppose the gigantic blueprint that Sir William has drawn up for a Better Britain. They will pull strings behind the scenes. They will seek to scare the public. They will attempt to intimidate politicians.

It will be a tough and bitter fight. Make no mistake about that!

Let us therefore be sure, firstly, just what it is that Sir William suggests should be done.

"Abolish the fear of Want," was the simple instruction given him by Mr. Arthur Greenwood, then a member of the War Cabinet.

Sir William's answer is not a plan to revolutionise our social system—though you will be told that it is. Actually, he thinks we can obtain the first of the "Four Freedoms" just by *improving* and *developing* the benefits we already enjoy.

And the plan that emerges from his 85,000-word report is simple enough.

By putting one stamp on a card each week you would be entitled to health insurance, unemployment insurance, old age pensions, pensions for widows and orphans, assistance for blindness or adversity, allowances for disablement and accidents at work, allowances for children up to the age of 15.

Note first one important step forward—the recognition that the housewife is as much entitled to social security as any man or woman who goes out to work.

She will become eligible for free medical treatment and a maternity grant. She will share in her husband's unemployment and disability benefits.

If she goes out to work and has a baby, she will get a maternity allowance for 13 weeks of 36s. a week *in addition* to the maternity grant.

If she should become a widow, she will get the same allowance for three months.

The next great advance concerns workmen's compensation. It is suggested that, for total disability, a man should get a pension of two-thirds of his average earnings—though not more than £3 a week.

A section of employers may be expected to haggle. It may even be that some trades unions will object to workmen's compensation being made part of a comprehensive social insurance scheme, for fear that it will deprive them of much of the useful arbitration work they now perform.

Most of us recognise that the present system merely provides fat fees for a multitude of lawyers; that it cannot be amended, but must be scrapped.

THEN there are the old age pensions proposals. They aim at making it possible for a man to retire, after twenty years' contributions, with a basic allowance of 40s. a week for himself and wife.

On the other hand, the present old age pension will be raised from 10s. to 14s. a week.

JOHN BULL joins the critics at this point.

Tens of thousands of old age pensioners now have to seek public relief. It is highly doubtful if an extra 4s. a week would save them from this hateful and hated necessity.

It is more than doubtful whether 14s. is adequate to provide food, shelter, clothing and—what is particularly important to the aged—warmth for a person living alone.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By the Editor

Even more important, because it is even more likely to prompt criticism, is the new scheme for funeral grants.

These, coupled with the changes in health insurance, would make necessary the creation of a Ministry of Social Security. Thus the approved insurance societies would lose a great part of the business by which they have grown rich.

Naturally, they will oppose the change. They have much power—including the influence of some prominent politicians—with which to fight.

Moreover, the whole scheme will be fought tooth and nail by the Old Guard in our public life who have always lamented that the public has been "pampered" and "made soft" by social reforms.

It will make no difference that, as Sir William takes pains to point out, his plan will not give "something for nothing."

They will insist that the plan will remove the incentive to work. Forgetting the misery suffered by those three million families whose breadwinners were workless before Britain began to re-arm, they will claim that we cannot afford an adequate system of unemployment insurance.

They would rather income tax be heavily reduced directly the war ends!

Even before the Beveridge Report was published, printed pleas to "Let well alone!" were streaming into JOHN BULL'S offices from the organisations of the vested interests and Diehard individualists.

That is why we warn the public that no money will be spared in an effort to prevent the reforms we have so briefly discussed.

Already it is being said that those reforms will take twenty years to secure.

But we want them for the people of to-day—not for the next generation or the generation after that.

And the people of to-day will expect a clear and courageous decision from the Government when sufficient time has elapsed for the plan to have been considered.

Let us demand action, not arguments!

GIVE YOUTH A CHANCE

DOUBLY in their debt for our blunders and their sacrifices, we citizens old enough to have had some say in the nation's affairs must help the young men and women who have never had a vote to build the world anew.

For youth's problem is the nation's problem.

They inherited the muddles and injustices for which we alone were responsible. Now they help to clear up the mess.

How can we repay them?

Only by giving youth priority in our plans for post-war reconstruction.

But let us face this task with a clear understanding of what we definitely wish to avoid.

We do not want any regimentation of young people.

Youth needs three things above all else:

A sound education, with ample facilities for continuation studies after leaving school;

Freedom of choice;

And equality of opportunity.

How are we to guarantee them these things? A new Education Bill is on the way and will probably be one of the Government's first measures in the New Year.

It will raise the school-leaving age.

Yet much more will have to be done.

The Conservatives recently put forward a scheme for a Federation of Youth. They talked grandiloquently of "service," but their plans were based on social privilege—and compulsion.

Youth will not put up with that sort of thing any longer.

Far better than any kind of regimentation is the free opportunity offered by such bodies as the Young Farmers' Clubs.

Membership is voluntary. Young folks learn something useful, and if they decide to take up farming as a career, so much the better.

The choice is theirs. And the opportunity.

JOHN BULL suggests that many other industries would do well to follow suit, and thus give the young folk a chance to "try out" the callings which most appeal to them.

It would be monstrous to compel them to join this or that official organisation.

As against the discredited Tory scheme, a Council for Educational Advance has been established by representatives of the T.U.C. and other progressive bodies.

This Council demands equal educational opportunities for all children, regardless of standing.

It calls for a higher school-age without exemptions.

It will also give free education under a single secondary code for all children after the primary stage. Common standards of staffing, equipment and amenities in all schools; provision of nursery schools, free medical services, and school meals.

This would go a long way towards discharging our debt to youth.

But we can never discharge it completely without wholehearted national planning.

When this war started three-quarters of our young people had to fend for themselves.

There were, and are, a great many excellent youth organisations.

But the *need* for co-ordinated planning has become more and more obvious during the past three years, and has been underlined by one fresh "movement" after another.

Youth cannot and will not be denied.

All over the country Youth Parliaments are being held, and the B.B.C. is seeking to meet a national demand with an increasing number of discussion programmes for the budding citizen.

But our youth organisations are so numerous that they overlap, and this overlapping amounts in some cases to a sort of "internecine strife."

That is why JOHN BULL stresses the need for a comprehensive and national programme.

Before the war there were some 600,000 "backward" children in England and Wales; a tragic fact which implies an annual increase of 50,000 paupers, criminals and unemployables.

Why were they "backward"? A psychologist of the L.C.C. found that, "*in nearly all cases*," their condition was caused or aggravated by physical and social surrounding.

It would have cost us a great deal of money to improve these conditions, and we were afraid of the expense.

There is only one way to end such anomalies and to give British Youth the freedom, equality and opportunity it so richly deserves.

That is by the concerted, unselfish and disinterested effort of the whole adult community, translated without delay into a bold and generous and truly *national* plan.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. OLIVER STANLEY, M.P., Secretary of State for the Colonies

DEAR SIR,—Most newspapers have cordially welcomed your return to the Government. I have not.

I wish you well. But I prefer to reserve my praise until you have earned it. And you have a great opportunity to do so.

Hitherto, the Colonial Office has been a stop-gap. None of its Ministers has lingered there for more than a few months before passing on to another Department.

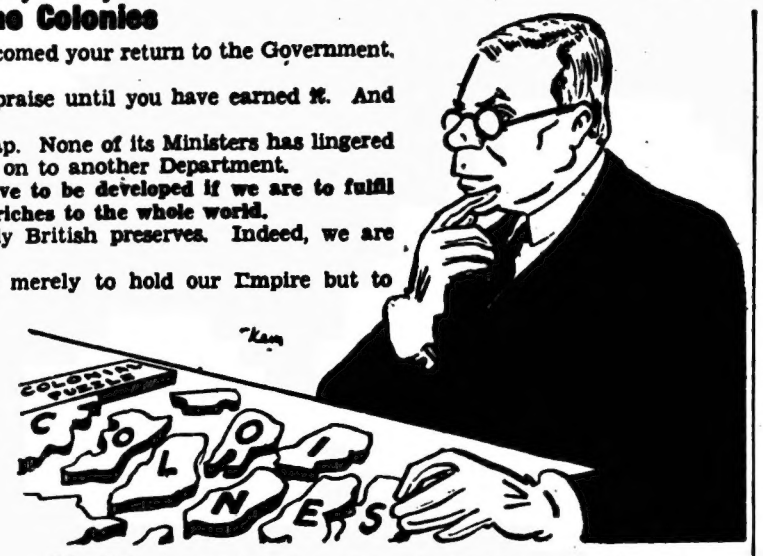
Now the Colonies are big news. They will have to be developed if we are to fulfil the promises of the Atlantic Charter. They offer riches to the whole world.

No longer can they be regarded as exclusively British preserves. Indeed, we are asking the Americans to fight for them.

Our task, as I am sure you will agree, is not merely to hold our Empire but to develop it to the utmost degree, to emancipate its peoples and educate them to self-government, and to release its natural resources for the benefit of all the peoples of the world.

So a great task awaits you. You have the chance not merely to end the discontent in such colonies as the West Indies, but to frame a plan by which our Empire will be a worthy part in the Better World for which we are fighting.

Do that, and you will earn the praise not only of myself, but of all the nations of the earth.—JOHN BULL.



The Colonies are just pieces in a gigantic jig-saw puzzle at the moment. Can Colonel Stanley fit them together and thus enrich all mankind?

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON, M.P., President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR,—It's bad propaganda for the Government to get the reputation of being calculating.

That is likely to happen, however, in respect of your "Utility" goods.

They began as high-quality, reasonably priced goods. The prices have remained constant. But the quality has depreciated.

So the ordinary buyer may be tempted to think:

"Ah, ha! The high quality was calculated to make people trust Utility lines. But directly the stuff became popular, the quality was made poorer."

Maybe that was not the intention. But certainly there is widespread complaint that Utility goods are not so worth-while as when they were first introduced.

Thus a reader sends me two pairs of children's Utility socks. They have been worn four days in all and washed twice. Now they are useless.

What a waste of wool! What a waste of labour!

Even if you have to increase the price, the *quality* of Utility lines should be maintained.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEORGE HICKS, M.P., Parl. Secretary, Ministry of Works

DEAR SIR,—Congratulations on a pretty example of Parliamentary expedition.

Last July I criticised the flunkeyism that prevented the railings of Kensington Gardens from being removed for scrap; I made it clear that the King had no wish to keep them just because of the disused Royal Palace in the Gardens.

Now, four months later, and after much "consideration," you say they are to be torn up.

That's quite speedy as Government decisions go. But I hope you'll be even quicker to crack down on some other snobs I know.

Snobs who are provoking their neighbours to bitter—and justified—resentment and indignation!

There's a titled man who has a fine house in a London borough. He has been living in the country since the air raids began—but he has managed to keep the railings of that London house.

I am told by my readers, week after week, of other "influential" people who are similarly lucky.

While humbler folk have had all the iron railings stripped from their houses, too many local councillors or squires are allowed to evade their fair share of war's sacrifices.

Give them the works!—JOHN BULL.

Councillor T. W. WAITE, Mayor of Cheltenham

YOUR WORSHIP,—Of what use is it to *warn* profiteers? You might as well shake a minatory finger at a shark.

You admit that some property owners in your prosperous city are taking advantage of war conditions to charge "extortionate" rents.

One "shameful" example you quote is a flat of three unfurnished rooms for which 75s. a week is demanded.

And then comes your stately warning: "These unprincipled war profiteers must beware—they will not be allowed to pocket their ill-gotten gains with impunity."

But that is precisely what they are doing.

They are being warned, not prosecuted. They are making hay while the sun shines.

They are laughing at you as they are laughing at us all.

Not that your rich "evacuee" town is a particularly black spot. It isn't. I have reported preposterous profiteering from all parts of the country.

It will continue so long as the offenders are warned but not prosecuted.

We must treat the profiteers as the social enemies they are—pests who take advantage of the hardships of others to line their own pockets.

Local authorities have the power to prosecute. It is time they used it.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. HILBERT, Halifax Licensing Sessions

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—You have done a good day's work by imposing stringent restrictions on "charity concerts."

For, like myself, you know something of the new ramp. You have no illusions regarding the contemptuous amount available for charity after the promotion expenses have been paid.

Talking of one charity concert, you say that the proceeds were £118 4s. But only £7 8s. 9d. went to the charity!

In another case, the total receipts were £416—but only £160 reached the charity.

Why? Because one artiste was paid £30, another £25, another £20, and so on. Bouquets for them cost five guineas. Their "entertainment"—of a different kind from that which they were paid to give—amounted to £41 10s.

Yes, it's nothing unusual. It is, indeed, so typical that I hold to the belief I expressed months ago—that the War Charities Act needs drastic reinforcement.—JOHN BULL.

Give the Workers the Wages They Earn!

ARGUE IT OUT
By PALLAS

THE labourer, they say, is worthy of his hire. But the trouble ever since the first man was employed and exploited by his fellow has been the assessment of that worth.

In feudal times the serf, bound to his lord and master, had two values—first as a soldier, secondly as a worker He was allowed to exist. He received no wages—or very little. He scraped a bare living from the land and lived equally frugally as a soldier.

Not until last century, when the new dawn rose timidly and fearfully in the industrial skies, did the worker get a fresh conception of his rights and dignity.

★ ★ ★

He decided that he *was* worthy of his hire. He, the common man, the despised, the ignorant, the rude, the unlettered, became a man of inspiration, of ideals.

He saw something wrong in a system which made him an industrial slave, kept him penned in sunless, insanitary slums, and denied him the elementary rights of trying to achieve a higher standard of life and living.

★ ★ ★

He fought for those rights—fought with a cold, determined fury which, after years of struggle, brought him partial victory.

Trade unions were legalised; the right to bargain collectively was established; and free education, such as it was, became available for his children.

Great strides these—but not enough. And Sir William Beveridge, the great authority on sociology, declared in the Brains Trust the other evening: "I think that a man's wages should be definitely governed by the value of his contribution to the common good."

Agreed, Sir William. But here's the rub again. Who shall decide what a man's contribution to the common good is? And where does the common good end and the personal good begin?

A man works primarily to live, to pay his rent, to feed and clothe his family, and, if possible, to save something for the time when he will no longer be worthy of hire.

★ ★ ★

What is the common good? Is it the State or the Church or the law or the people? Do the banks and their socially secure employees contribute to the common good? Do newspaper workers like myself? Do the great luxury hotels? Do stockbrokers, financiers, middlemen of every kind?

These are some of the questions that arise. There are many others.

Each man believes his work is important. The plater thinks that ships are the first things; the blast-furnaceman may argue that without iron the world would perish; the miner may equally well argue that coal is the very source of man's industrial energy; and the farmer may point to the fundamental truth that the land and its fruits are the vital essentials to life itself.

★ ★ ★

Each worker thinks his contribution to the common good is a great contribution. It is well that he should do so. For the British worker's belief that he is the best worker in the world has been an important factor in maintaining our sway in the markets of the world.

He thinks too—and I agree with him—that he is an underpaid worker; that the returns he gets from the industry he keeps dominant and alive are not commensurate with the effort he puts in.

Perhaps, if I suggest that *he* is the common good, I shall have all sorts of hornets buzzing around me. But I'll risk their sting.

Play With a Purpose

"THAT boy will never get on. He thinks about nothing but his model aeroplanes — such rubbish!" That was what some Windsor people used to say over thirty years ago about seventeen-year-old Sydney Camm, founder of the Windsor Model Aeroplane Club and flying fanatic.

"He has saved Britain!" That was what the world said two years ago about forty-seven-year-old Mr. Sydney Camm, designer of the Hurricane, Tornado, Typhoon and other fighters still on the secret list . . . fighters which are the direct descendants of the schoolboy's models.

★ ★ ★

"It is extraordinary how many designers started with models as boys—A. V. Roe, Fairey and Roy Chadwick, who designed the Lancaster among them," said Camm when I met him in the great country mansion which now houses a part of the Hawker firm's huge drawing department.

"We've been working on that for fifteen months now," said Camm, pointing to a wood mock-up in his experimental shops. "That's the trouble with aircraft design—you have to think so far ahead."

To Camm even the super Typhoon now seems old-fashioned compared with his latest ideas.

Sometimes designers go ahead on their own responsibility without awaiting full official approval. The magnificent Lancaster was built in record time because its builders waded straight in and turned out a prototype. The R.A.F. tested it, and called enthusiastically for more.

Its designer, Roy Chadwick, has built more than thirty aircraft—from 2½ h.p. sports 'planes which reached 14,000 ft to 6,000 h.p. bombers. His was the famous Avro of the last war—turned out in thousands.

He, too, started with models as a boy, to the annoyance of the neighbours, and joined the famous pioneer A. V. Roe at the age of eighteen as the entire "Drawing Office Staff."

★ ★ ★

The first "factory" was a small Manchester cellar, but at twenty-one Chadwick was controlling and teaching 100 draughtsmen. Nowadays the same number may work continuously on the design of one new type.

Designer of the Blenheim, Beaufort and Beaufighter is L. G. Frise, who as a schoolboy in 1910 used to sit on a fence outside the Bristol factory, staring at the primitive models of the time and little dreaming that he would one day test his own designs in a huge wind-tunnel a few yards from his perch!

Recently he produced the Beaufighter in record time—six months instead of years—by using many of the parts, already in production, of the Beaufort.

Greatest of all, perhaps, was R. J. Mitchell, whose studies of the graceful seagull produced the Spitfire. Gravely ill, he worked night and day until it was completed. He gave his life for his country.

L. W.

IMMORTALS OF THE SQUADRONS—2 By JOHN CASHEL

★ Every unit of the R.A.F. has its own cherished memories. This series presents a gallery of born fighters whose exploits will never be forgotten in any club or mess where flying men foregather . . .

Group Captain F. V. Beamish, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C., A.F.C., idol of more than one R.A.F. Squadron

He Spotted the 'Gneisenau'

EARLY one morning at a fighter station near London, a man passing a bathroom cubicle saw "Paddy" Finucane rubbing himself down and gave him a friendly flick on the back with a towel.

Paddy popped his head out of the doorway in time to see somebody going into another bathroom.

A fellow pilot, he thought.

So he filled a jug with cold water, slipped along the corridor, threw the cold douche over the top of the other cubicle and fled as a voice yelled out in protest.

"Laughed Like a Drain"

It was the voice of the Group Captain. Paddy, apologising at breakfast, was told, "Don't be silly. I laughed like a drain."

Another time, the same Group Captain ordered everybody, irrespective of rank, to dig away snow from the runways so that machines could operate.

Soon a man in an old raincoat and cap turned up where a corporal was issuing shovels, and asked for one.

"You get to the back of the queue," retorted the corporal, not recognising the voice or noticing who wore the old coat.

The man moved back and awaited his turn. When it came, the corporal was staggered to find he had sent the Chief to the queue's tail. The G.C. merely smiled and took his shovel.

So you'll find it easy to understand his popularity. Picture him as a broad-shouldered man of 38; athletic, tough, slim-waisted—with an aggressive chin and intensely blue eyes.

Every one of the pilots in several squadrons under his command he knew by name; they in turn had a more affectionate name for him among themselves than even the Chief or the Old Man—they all called him simply "Victor."

Group Captain Francis Victor Beamish, D.S.O. and Bar, D.F.C., A.F.C., the man who commanded a sector of the south-eastern Group that more than any other won the Battle of Britain and later the outstanding air Duel of Dieppe.

The Chief who—as I can reveal—with his Wing-Commander discovered the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* trying to sneak unobserved through the Channel on February 12, 1942.

That day he was out there in his Spitfire over the Channel—one of that ever-growing band of commanders who go everywhere they ask their men to go.

Group Captain or not, he was in the air on every possible occasion. As well expect him to sit in his office a moment longer than was necessary as expect a terrier to lie quiet when there is a rat about!

It was some rat he and his companion spotted that day on their lone sweep beneath the thick cloud hanging like a pall only 2,000 ft. over the Channel.

"My story," he reported, "begins with our two-man sweep to search for enemy shipping.

"We flew low over the sea and encountered two Me. 109s. We chased them to within five to ten miles of the French coast; then saw the *Scharnhorst* and *Gneisenau* with attendant destroyers and E-boats.

"This we knew was part of the German Battle Fleet. It was steaming along at a good speed, and in a few moments the air around our Spitfires was full of red, green and yellow tracer and shell bursts.

"We were only 600 ft. up. We sank an E-boat which blew up in a cloud of smoke.

"We returned home and soon were off again.

"My Wing spent an hour over or around the convoy, mixing it with cruisers, destroyers, E-boats and German fighters.

"We destroyed four fighters, sank an E-boat, damaged at least two destroyers and a transport. Not one of us was injured."

Up there this "lovable man with the sweetest nature on the ground" was a cold-blooded killer of Nazis; the almost terrifying blue eyes then shone with a deadly fire.

Remarkable Leadership

"Even when you are in the air you sense his leadership. It gives you remarkable confidence," said Paddy Finucane.

His job was to lead and give his pilots their chance as a team, and though he destroyed and damaged many Nazis he never flew into public popularity like his Irish compatriot Paddy, England's legless Bader, South Africa's "Sailor" Malan, Australia's "Cobber" Kain or Canada's "Screwball" Beuerling.

But to his several squadrons he was an idol.

All will want to claim him as their own, especially 485, composed of New Zealanders with whom he fought in that early Springtime following the battle with the "S. and G."

His last two days were crowded with glorious combat, as he would have wished it.

On the first of them he began the afternoon by exploding a Me. 109 as one of his Wings gave cover to bombers attacking Le Havre.

"As the Hun was going down, my Wing-Commander told me on the R.T. that another was on my tail. I pulled up and just missed the French cliffs. They were a bit too close for my liking."

Sharply turning on his pursuer, he then destroyed it, sending it crashing into the cliffs he so nearly missed.

Returning, he saw one of his pilots bale out, and, though it was as near home as our coast, went back to make sure the pilot was being picked up.

Typical of him as Father of his squadrons. He could have sent another pilot to do the job, but he never asked any man to do what he wasn't ready to do himself.

Ideal Weather

Mid-afternoon of next day was fine and crisp, with bunches of wispy clouds giving sufficient cover without poor visibility—ideal for offensive operation over France.

Between 3.30 and 3.45 the Chief and some of his pilots were out over the French coast meeting three returning Spitfire squadrons being attacked by 50 F.-W. 190s and some Me. 109s.

He was flying as Red 1 (number one of red squadron) when Fate intervened.

"I was flying No. 3 to the Group Captain," reported Flight-Lieutenant (now Squadron-Leader) Reg. Grant, a New Zealander with the D.F.M. and D.F.C.

"He saw 190s below us, and we dived so fast after them that we almost blacked out.

"I couldn't get the Group Captain on my R.T., but No. 2 called up and warned him that a 190 was getting on his tail. I fired at it, and saw its bullets hitting the Group Captain's machine.

"The Hun went down with a large hole in its port wing and an aileron missing, and I believe it crashed."

Possible Injury

Seeing the G.C. then turn for home and straighten out, Grant followed behind to protect him, fearing he had suffered damage and possibly injury.

He was then dived on by another 109, but Grant got it with his cannon before it had time to open fire, and it blew up and went down.

That was just after 3.45, with the G.C. flying level, making good speed for home at 13,000 feet about five miles this side of Calais.

Grant then ran into a thin layer of cloud, and coming out of it saw a lone Spitfire below. Flying towards it, he was surprised to find it was not his Chief's which he had lost sight of only a few moments before.

As if by magic Victor Beamish vanished from the sky, and has never been seen or heard of since.

When Grant got home and found the G.C. was not there, every man on the station who could fly took off and searched the Channel for him till it was too dark to see

At dawn next morning they were up again, but to this day the sea has kept its secret.

At his old aerodrome they cherish the inspiring memory of the tough, lovable leader, nearing forty, who was up at six every morning exercising round the perimeter track or biking about the station to save using petrol in a car.

Before the war he was invalided out of the Service and, like Bader, fought his way back.

★ Afraid of invasion, Mussolini hunts round like a haunted man. The dreadful truth dawns on him that Italy's main bulwark must be the mauled and disillusioned remnants of her army, navy and air force. Dare he trust them?

He couldn't make them look very cheerful even when he strutted like a conqueror. And they're not likely to be any happier to-day!

How Strong is Italy To-day?

"FASCIST Italy's Eight Million Bayonets," once boasted Mussolini.

He can't boast now.

With Italian prisoners still straggling into British compounds from the desert, and the Italian people dismayed at their losses and crying for "Peace!" in a still small but ever-growing chorus, the swagger has been knocked out of him.

Invasion Threat

Eight million bayonets! Looking round now he sees an army altogether insufficient for the task in hand.

Danger of invasion threatens every beach.

He can't rely on the civil population as a whole to help repel an invader—as we can here.

And he doesn't cherish the idea of the Germans defending his country—and either keeping it for themselves or holding it in pawn.

The test will be of his own men, his own ships, his own aircraft.

And, lining them up mentally, he cannot feel happy.

It is a popular view that Italian losses have been comparatively small. Don't believe it. They have been tremendous.

From Wavell's campaign in Libya the Italian army emerged with four regular, four Blackshirt and two Colonial divisions less than when it started.

It lost twelve crack metropolitan and two colonial divisions in Eritrea, East Africa and Abyssinia.

Our Greek Allies made short work of ten divisions.

Auchinleck and Alexander rendered ineffective sufficient men for ten more divisions.

And to-day military experts credit Italy with an army of some eighty divisions—or 1,500,000 men.

Formidable Force

Yet eighty divisions — half-hearted though we know many of the Italian troops to be in this war they didn't want—cannot be entirely disregarded.

It is when we examine the disposition of those 1,500,000 men that Italy's chronic vulnerability on her mainland — Mussolini's biggest headache—becomes apparent.

Nearly thirty divisions are stationed in the Balkans, guarding Mussolini's "conquests."

But they are constantly in danger of counter-attack from big guerilla forces and on a hot-plate all the time.

Then Yugoslavia is still an Italian battlefield. Italian casualty lists regularly include the names of soldiers killed there.

Fascist troops in the Balkans are daily, hourly, fighting for their lives.

And a reluctant Mussolini was also forced to accede to Hitler's demand for more and more Italian troops for Russia.

Tens of thousands of Italians—to be more exact, at least ten crack divisions of the Italian army—are just entering their second winter campaign in those Arctic winds that blow specially cruelly for Italians.

Heavy casualties have forced Mussolini to send large numbers of replacements.

No Spare Troops

Frost and Russian guns claim them as quickly as trains can carry them.

That leaves only half the total Italian army strength for the defence of metropolitan Italy—a poor number from which quite a few regiments have been drawn to serve as token forces in Western Europe, Belgium and France.

Mussolini longed to give France a second stab in the back when Hitler marched in on Vichy.

But he couldn't spare the troops to occupy Nice and Corsica, for which he has always bellowed.

It wouldn't be wise to regard all Italian soldiers as poor fighters, although they have shown little enthusiasm in this war.

They might fight fiercer if their country is attacked.

The Bersaglieries, for instance, have proved formidable opponents.

The better-known Italian divisions in Libya such as the "Trento Division" were a great help to Rommel, and the armoured "Ariete" was by no means inferior to the German Panzer divisions of the Afrika Korps.

At least one Italian battleship, six cruisers, thirteen destroyers and a minimum of thirty submarines have been lost at a modest estimate.

But the *Littorio*, one of four 35,000-tonners of the Italian navy, and badly damaged in our attack, should now be in service again. She could join the *Vittorio Veneto*, the *Impero* and the *Roma* in action at any time.

His navy has at least three big 6-in. cruisers of over 23,000 tons, and there are three heavy cruisers, new 5.3-in. cruisers, 120 destroyers and torpedo boats.

The Italian U-boat strength is difficult to assess. In the course of this war the Fascist submarine service has only produced one hero—Enzio Grossi, the submarine captain who collaborated with Rommel.

Big Claims

But the Italian navy has a large number of curious small craft such as "storm-boats," a kind of secret weapon for which the Italian naval communiqués make unjustifiably big claims.

But not even the Italians themselves dare to boast of their air force.

Aircraft production is ridiculously low, hardly sufficing to keep the air force up to a front line strength of roughly 2,000.

There is talk of the appearance of new Italian fighters on the battlefronts—an improvement on the old Macchi fighter. But there is no evidence the type exists in any numbers.

The Italian air force must be really regarded as a mere supplementary to the Luftwaffe.

But the Italian pilots, unlike the land army, have never met much criticism. Indeed, tribute was paid to them by men of the R.A.F., some of whom think the Italians are braver than the Germans in the air.

Weakness in Command

Without German support, of course, the Italian forces are to-day no match for the United Nations.

As in Germany, there is a rift between regular and Fascist Party officers. The Fascist Blackshirts are almost ostracised by the regular Italian army.

The officers of this army, on the other hand, prefer the little King and the Royal Family to Mussolini.

But better than either of them they like their old Marshal Badoglio who, since his resignation, has become a military legend among Italian soldiers.

Ugo Cavallero, the Italian Chief of Staff, has often been described as a blustering, inefficient fool. And the ranks of high officers are crowded with leading Fascists who have been sent into the war as a penalty for disloyalty to the system.

No, Mussolini cannot be a happy man.

The dream of eight million bayonets has given place to a horrible nightmare.

DECEMBER 5, 1942

HITLER'S THREE WEA

Though Nazi Germany is still formidable, shortage of fuel, deficiencies of transport and manpower are three factors which may hasten Hitler's downfall

By A. G. GARDINER

THE net is closing in on Hitler with ominous swiftness and power. Timoshenko's great offensive stroke completes the unfolding of the majestic strategy of the Allies.

We can now see what lay behind that meeting of Churchill and Stalin in Moscow. The enemy were left to suppose that it was a failure—that the Allies were at sixes-and-sevens.

One hint of the truth alone was allowed to leak out. It was the "eighty days" forecast of Mr. Lyttelton.

That forecast has been fulfilled almost to the day, with a perfection of timing and a resistless impetus that has thrilled the world.

First, the mighty punch that sent Rommel fleeing across the desert. Then the astonishing armada that in a single night seized the whole north-west coast of Africa from Dakar to Tunisia.

Finally, the sudden, smashing blows in the Caucasus and on the Volga.

★ ★ ★

HITLER'S STRATEGY IS IN RUINS. THE CAUCASUS-SUEZ PINCER PLAN IS SHATTERED AT BOTH ENDS. HIS CONTROL OF THE WAR IS OVER.

He is no longer fighting on one front only. He is threatened on all fronts. His forces are dispersed. He has 6,000 miles of frontier to defend—the whole coast line of Europe and the Russian land front from the Arctic to the Black Sea.

His ally, Italy, is sagging at the knees and has to be held up. All around him is a Europe seething with rebellion and kept down only by his Gestapo.

It is in these circumstances that Hitler has, at the threshold of winter, been driven suddenly on the defensive. Only one offensive hope is left to him.

It is the U-boat, and in his last words before leaving our shores General Smuts did well to stress the urgency of overcoming that danger. Until it is overcome we cannot be 100 per cent. secure of victory.

In spite of Mr. Alexander's figures our rate of destruction has not overtaken Hitler's power of construction, and while that is so we are not out of the wood.

Mr. Churchill has done wisely in setting the acutest brain at his command, that of Sir Stafford Cripps, to solve this great problem.

I think he and his experts will solve it, as we have solved the problem of air supremacy.

But we want it solved now—now, when we have got Hitler on the ropes, and need every ounce of pressure to finish him off.

★ ★ ★

Apart from this, Hitler's attitude is now entirely defensive. He has great resources at his command, and he will fight to the last German to save his neck.

But he has also great weaknesses. I will deal with three of them, any one of which may be alone sufficient to destroy him.

The first is the shortage of fuel. You may pile up aircraft and guns, tanks and submarines until they reach the skies, but they are only old scrap iron if you haven't the power to drive them.

And a fuel famine is the spectre that haunts Hitler. He started with abundance of oil for the *blitzkrieg* that he anticipated. But he is in the fourth year of the war. His gigantic failure in Russia has drained his resources beyond all expectation.

Russian machine-gunners advancing during an attack to the north west of Stalingrad, where Hitler staked so much in vain . . .

The immediate purpose of his great push to the Caucasus this summer was to replenish his oil stores. The push has cost him oceans of oil to carry out. And it has failed.

HE HAS NOT GOT A PINT OF OIL FROM THE CAUCASUS IN RETURN FOR THE THOUSANDS OF TONS THAT HE HAS CONSUMED IN ORDER TO GET THERE.

Even the little Maikop field has given him nothing yet.

No close student of the war can have failed to notice the symptoms of shortage—noticeably the failure of the Luftwaffe to give air support to Rommel.

It was not that the 'planes were not there. It was that they were short of oil.

True, this was in some measure a local shortage, due to the sinking of supply tankers.

But it was symptomatic also of the general poverty, which has been aggravated by the special attention our air and sea forces have given to the destruction of tankers and oil dumps.

★ ★ ★

The second grave weakness of Hitler's war machine is transport. This is mainly due to one of those cardinal blunders in which Hitler has been so prolific.

Just as he thought sea power was obsolete in war, so he thought railways had been supplanted by motor traffic. For years he let the

HITLER'S THREE WEAK SPOTS

Though Nazi Germany is still formidable, shortage of fuel, deficiencies of transport and manpower are three factors which may hasten Hitler's downfall

By A. G. GARDINER

THE net is closing in on Hitler with ominous swiftness and power. Timoshenko's great offensive stroke completes the unfolding of the majestic strategy of the Allies.

We can now see what lay behind that meeting of Churchill and Stalin in Moscow. The enemy were left to suppose that it was a failure—that the Allies were at sixes-and-sevens.

One hint of the truth alone was allowed to leak out. It was the "eighty days" forecast of Mr. Lyttelton.

That forecast has been fulfilled almost to the day, with a perfection of timing and a resistless impetus that has thrilled the world.

First, the mighty punch that sent Rommel fleeing across the desert. Then the astonishing armada that in a single night seized the whole north-west coast of Africa from Dakar to Tunisia.

Finally, the sudden, smashing blows in the Caucasus and on the Volga.

★ ★ ★

HITLER'S STRATEGY IS IN RUINS. THE CAUCASUS-SUEZ PINCER PLAN IS SHATTERED AT BOTH ENDS. HIS CONTROL OF THE WAR IS OVER.

He is no longer fighting on one front only. He is threatened on all fronts. His forces are dispersed. He has 6,000 miles of frontier to defend—the whole coast line of Europe and the Russian land front from the Arctic to the Black Sea.

His ally, Italy, is sagging at the knees and has to be held up. All around him is a Europe seething with rebellion and kept down only by his Gestapo.

It is in these circumstances that Hitler has, at the threshold of winter, been driven suddenly on the defensive. Only one offensive hope is left to him.

It is the U-boat, and in his last words before leaving our shores General Smuts did well to stress the urgency of overcoming that danger. Until it is overcome we cannot be 100 per cent. secure of victory.

In spite of Mr. Alexander's figures our rate of destruction has not overtaken Hitler's power of construction, and while that is so we are not out of the wood.

Mr. Churchill has done wisely in setting the acutest brain at his command, that of Sir Stafford Cripps, to solve this great problem.

I think he and his experts will solve it, as we have solved the problem of air supremacy.

But we want it solved now—now, when we have got Hitler on the ropes, and need every ounce of pressure to finish him off.

★ ★ ★

Apart from this, Hitler's attitude is now entirely defensive. He has great resources at his command, and he will fight to the last German to save his neck.

But he has also great weaknesses. I will deal with three of them, any one of which may be alone sufficient to destroy him.

The first is the shortage of fuel. You may pile up aircraft and guns, tanks and submarines until they reach the skies, but they are only old scrap iron if you haven't the power to drive them.

And a fuel famine is the spectre that haunts Hitler. He started with abundance of oil for the *blitzkrieg* that he anticipated. But he is in the fourth year of the war. His gigantic failure in Russia has drained his resources beyond all expectation.

Russian machine-gunners advancing during an attack to the north west of Stalingrad, where Hitler staked so much in vain . . .

The immediate purpose of his great push to the Caucasus this summer was to replenish his oil stores. The push has cost him oceans of oil to carry out. And it has failed.

HE HAS NOT GOT A PINT OF OIL FROM THE CAUCASUS IN RETURN FOR THE THOUSANDS OF TONS THAT HE HAS CONSUMED IN ORDER TO GET THERE.

Even the little Maikop field has given him nothing yet.

No close student of the war can have failed to notice the symptoms of shortage—noticeably the failure of the Luftwaffe to give air support to Rommel.

It was not that the 'planes were not there. It was that they were short of oil.

True, this was in some measure a local shortage, due to the sinking of supply tankers.

But it was symptomatic also of the general poverty, which has been aggravated by the special attention our air and sea forces have given to the destruction of tankers and oil dumps.

★ ★ ★

The second grave weakness of Hitler's war machine is transport. This is mainly due to one of those cardinal blunders in which Hitler has been so prolific.

Just as he thought sea power was obsolete in war, so he thought railways had been supplanted by motor traffic. For years he let the rolling stock of the railroads run down while he built up his Reichs-autobahn-system.

Now the unfinished network of that system lies dead and useless, while the neglected railways cannot sustain the enormous burden war has thrown upon them.

Even in the early stages of the war private travel had practically ceased and there was a domestic fuel famine, not because there was not coal to be had, but because there was no rolling stock to carry it.

Upon this situation has come the Russian catastrophe with its gigantic demands on transport—millions of men five hundred miles away to be fed and supplied.

And now the no less imperative demands of the Mediterranean war.

Add to all this the blockade which drives all continental transport back on the land, and our daily destruction of locomotives, wagons and railway works, and we understand why Hitler has sacked his transport minister.

We shall also understand why the fear grows that the collapse of transport "will bring down the whole structure of the war economy of German Europe."

★ ★ ★

But there is a still more formidable rock ahead. Man-power. Again, its immediate urgency is directly due to Hitler.

In face of the warnings of the experts he gambled last summer on the Speer Plan—after Todt, its chief opponent, had been mysteriously killed in an aeroplane accident.

This gamble was to win or lose on a single throw. Speer declared:

"We must win this war by the end of October—before the Russian winter begins—or we shall lose it once for all. Consequently we can only win with the weapons we have now, not with those we are going to have next year. We can only win if every man capable of bearing arms is at the front. We must put all we have in the front line, whether that is going to be deleterious to post-war industry or not."

So everything was flung into the front line, and the gamble has failed. October has gone. The Russian winter is here. A new major war has flamed up in the Mediterranean.

To the millions of men lost in Russia when Speer spoke more millions have been added. And to the shortage of fuel and the shortage of transport is added the shortage of men—men in the field, men in the factories, men to enable the Gestapo to terrorise the occupied countries.

Hitler has bled Germany white. The flower of its manhood lies rotting on the plains of Russia.

It is said that it took Germany a century to recover from the Thirty Years' War. But the losses in that war were trifling compared to those of the past 18 months in Russia alone.

And victory has not come. Winter and defeat stare Hitler in the face. He will die hard and Germany will die hard with him. But the end is inexorable.

And you have but to watch the shadow that is creeping over Goebbels' propaganda to realise that Germany knows the doom is approaching.

Who is the Real Military Idiot?

ADOLF HITLER cannot blame anybody else this time.

He cannot, as he did almost exactly one year ago after the retreat from Rostov and the double failure to capture Leningrad and Moscow, dismiss the Commander-in-Chief.

Nor can he repeat the fairy tale of an "unprecedented early onset of the Russian winter."

This time he was his own Commander-in-Chief, and he could only sack himself.

When he ousted Fieldmarshal von Brauchitsch in December, 1941, he made it quite clear that from now on he was the Supreme Commander of the German Armies, not only nominally as Head of the Reich, but in reality, for good or ill.

He, of course, thought that it was only for good.

★ ★ ★

For reasons of personal prestige, he disregarded the advice of Von Brauchitsch, who suggested a substantial withdrawal of the whole line nearer to the German supply bases.

Instead, he decided that the whole army would have to hold out as near as possible to Leningrad, Moscow and Rostov, throughout the winter.

He was luckier than he deserved to be.

At the price of incredible sacrifices and sufferings of his troops, he lost comparatively little ground to the relentlessly attacking Russians.

When Spring came, the Germans were still in Schlusselburg, in Rhzev, and in Taganrog.

Then, naturally, he claimed all the praise and glory for himself. He, and he alone, had kept his chin up during the darkest days of that dreadful winter.

His sycophants proclaimed this in hundreds of speeches and thousands of articles.

He, and he alone, was a definite guarantee that 1918 would not repeat itself.

He, and he alone, so said Goering as recently as October 4 in a speech broadcast from Berlin, had planned every victorious campaign since the Battle of France.

Hitler was "the greatest military genius of all times," added the fat Reichsmarshal.

★ ★ ★

Well, we can only hope that the Germans believed it and that they have not forgotten it.

Because, if he planned all that was crowned by big victories, he must also have planned all that is resulting now in major disasters.

I recall the hoarse ring of his voice as he broadcast from Berlin on September 30:

"Stalingrad will fall—you can rely on me for that!"

And some six weeks later, when he spoke from Munich on November 8, he went even further and tried to bluff the world:

"Stalingrad has actually fallen. It is already ours, except for a few strong points. And when some people ask: 'Why don't we take them?' my answer is: 'Because I don't want to make of Stalingrad another Verdun!'

"All that matters is that we are on the Volga, that the tremendous and vital traffic on that stream is cut off, and it will remain cut off till Russia's final downfall."

The whole German nation has heard these categorical statements by "the greatest military genius of all times."

The military consequences of what is happening now in the Don bend are very serious indeed for Germany.

★ ★ ★

But the repercussions on the German morale are perhaps even worse, because it is Hitler's own prestige which is at stake.

There is hardly one family throughout the Reich which has not yet lost at least one member on the Eastern front.

Millions of families tremble at home day and night for their relatives scattered along the 2,000 miles from Murmansk to the Caucasus.

Their supreme expectation was that this winter, unlike the last one, would see something of a lull along this endless front.

Instead . . . !

VICTOR SCHIFF.

CROOK'S GOVERNMENT CONTRACT COUP

THERE has lately been a disturbing increase in convictions for fraud and other offences in which Government contracts, or war work entrusted to private firms, have figured.

In many cases it has been clear from the evidence that adequate inquiries about the records of the offenders were not made until *after* the offences had come to light.

Had preliminary inquiries been made it could have been easily established that some of the persons concerned, at least, should never have been employed on such vital work at all.

Much greater care must be taken in future by Government Departments in cases of this kind.

Discreditable Career

It is scandalous that men with criminal records have been able to obtain lucrative contracts in this way.

One, for example, who has had a most discreditable career, and had been to jail, was recently behind the scenes of an engineering firm which obtained Government work.

Complaints have been made about the way this firm handled its work, but why was such a man ever employed?

The same criticism applies to two men who are also closely connected with another engineering company which they formed after they emerged from prison!

Although they were both involved in gigantic company frauds before the war, they now seem to be able to describe themselves as contractors to leading Ministries of the Government.

One Ministry, until recently, went on giving work, by contract, to a one-man firm which was suspected of putting in faked accounts. The man was subsequently convicted for submitting invoices which falsely claimed that he was employing a sub-contractor on part of his output.

In another case a man employed by a Government department on urgent work in connection with contracts was subsequently found to have been to prison for fraud.

Many have secured special "appointments" although their records stamp them as men who would never be trusted by ordinary, commercial business firms.

A glaring example of the impudence of some hardened crooks in trying to secure big Government posts or lucrative war work can be given in the following exclusive story.

Mystery Abbreviations

It concerns a plausible middle-aged man, now masquerading in the name of Herbert Powell.

He describes himself as Herbert Powell (Lieutenant, R.N. retired), B.Sc., A.S.P.E., M.I.P.E.

While everyone knows that the first abbreviation stands for Bachelor of Science, I have no idea what the others are supposed to represent. The best reference books are silent about them.

From an address in North Kensington, London, W., he now poses as a skilled engineer and professes to have an expert knowledge of aircraft manufacture.

He talks convincingly of the numerous Government departments he is supposed to be doing business with, and many people have advanced him money on the strength of these claims.

One of his most recent dupes is an official of a famous aircraft company, engaged on one hundred per cent. war work, who accepted Powell at his face value and advanced him a substantial sum in connection with some big propositions he put forward.

And but for information sent to the firm by an interested party, who considered it a public duty to give some indication of Powell's real identity and character, he might have secured a semi-Government war-work post at a four-figured salary and expenses!

Herbert Guppy in the days when he liked facing the camera

As I know that this man has recently been in touch with several Government departments, I am turning the limelight fully on his general façade of lies and deception.

His real name is Herbert Stanton Guppy, and he has been a persistent and dangerous adventurer for twenty years.

About the only truthful assertion he makes is that he is a retired lieutenant of the Royal Navy.

He joined up in 1915 at the age of 18 as an ordinary seaman, and, by sheer courage and grit, which should have paved the way to a much better career, he gained the rank of lieutenant and won seven different medals.

All to Pieces

He was also mentioned in dispatches, and specially decorated by the King of Italy for conspicuous conduct during the last war.

The ease with which he could obtain money and a craving for drink, however, sent him all to pieces during the early post-war years. In the interval he has occupied the rôles of journalist, publisher, Anglo-American agent, exporter, theatrical producer, and employment-with-investment specialist.

During his career he has obtained goods widely on credit, issued numerous worthless cheques, and secured large and small sums of money from people who were dazzled by his convincing manner and astonishing personality.

Though he has operated mostly in this country since 1929, he was masquerading in Chili and Buenos Aires for five or six years prior to that. He is particularly well known in Valparaiso, where the British Consul has a file of complaints about him.

Talked "Big Money"

Guppy has always talked "big money," and is a consummate liar. He claims friendship with many famous people, and once said he was manager to Mr. Charles Cochran, the famous theatrical magnate.

Also, he says, the Duke of Windsor is among the many important people who have specially requested his presence at big functions.

He has been several times in prison for fraud and other offences, and started on his present escapades after his release from the last spell, which ended only about a year ago.

Everyone, particularly officials of Government departments, should steer clear of him.

His case alone shows how very desirable it is that inquiries should always be made into the characters of people seeking positions of such an important character.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

A PROFESSOR'S HOCUS POCUS

IT is really time the operations of a man impudently calling himself "Le Professeur Kastraka," of Kastraka Studios, St. Mary's Chambers, Strand (London), W.C.2, met with a little official intervention.

His impressive-looking notepaper suggests he has commodious premises there, whereas he is rarely to be found there at all.

Letters received for him by somebody else at the Strand address are merely collected and taken to another destination for attention.

On several occasions I have criticised this elusive person trading as "Le Professeur." He offers "a full reading of your future years," for fees which have ranged from £1 downwards.

Letters arrive at the Strand office in the most illiterate handwriting and, with only hocus pocus for their money, the majority of the clients are obviously poor, ignorant and easily gullible folk.

One woman who sent 7s. 6d. some months ago for a reading has received nothing but a circular letter telling her that "your packet has been despatched."

Some means can surely be found officially to stop the professor?

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. E. A. K. Wheeler, Midholm Road, Shirley, Surrey, has been awarded this week's £1 1s.

Letters are appreciated on all matters calling for inquiry and editorial comment. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

SWAFFER TELLS YOU . . .

WHY NOW ATTACK MORRISON?

● Because Herbert Morrison was a conscientious objector in the last war several people write attacking my praise of him, now that he has joined the War Cabinet.

Why? I can easily understand an objection to a war in which many on the Left saw two rival imperialists in conflict being followed, in this war, by a realisation that Civilisation was defending herself against international Thuggery.

L.G. opposed the Boer War. Yet in the next, the first World War, he emerged as the chief wielder of the forces of victory.

Those who sneer that a former conscientious objector should now, as Home Secretary, be the chief jailer of C.O.s, do not reflect that his former views should make him more tolerant to the opponents of war than a Jingo who has always been a militarist.

Morrison is one of the finest administrators in the country. As such, he should now have a big job, whatever his views may once have been.

After all, Neville Chamberlain once called Hitler "a kind man, who, next time, will meet me halfway."

I tremble to think what would happen to the nicest of men if all his former opinions were dug up and used against him—Churchill's, for instance, on Stalin, or Cripps's on Sanctions.

IS CRIPPS DOING TOO MUCH?

● Dropped from the War Cabinet, Cripps forgot his pride, and, when asked to do so by the Prime Minister, took on a new, and smaller, job as a patriotic duty.

Some now wonder if he can, at the same time, speed up aircraft production, develop radiolocation, and assist Churchill in perfecting appliances for use against the U-boats.

Actually, the first job is well on its way.

The second is one for which Sir Stafford's scientific training fits him.

In the third, as chairman of the Anti-Submarine Committee, he supervises the work of a body of first-class experts.

He is a devil for work—and he inspires others, not with the drive of a Beaverbrook, but because of sincerity of his motives.

That is why he can do the job.

WHO MAKES SILLY LAWS?

● People are puzzled because, while you can give a cake as a Christmas present, you cannot give a friend the sultanas which go to make the cake, or, while you can give away a cup of tea, you must not dispose of the tea itself.

But—do they ever think how paradoxical nearly all British laws are? Do they realise how difficult it is to make any regulations that will foresee all the difficulties?

Law-making, like science, is perfected only by trial and error.

HOW SHOULD WE KEEP CHRISTMAS?

● Americans celebrated Thanksgiving Day, last week, by keeping up as many of its peace time observances as they could without jeopardising the all-important issues of the war. That is what we should do at Christmas.

Christmas, however difficult it may be to celebrate, is a festival that should always be kept up in the best way that can be devised. For, of all our institutions, it is the greatest spreader of good will.

THIRD TIME WAS LUCKY

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY

By Will Scott

In a perfect rage he jumped upon his bike, spun her round, pressed down the pedals and ran into a lamp-post

MR. CODD parked his bike by the kerb and frowned at Little Jim's Grocery Store, knowing very well what was coming. Old Fat Face was coming. And Old Fat Face would get on anybody's nerves.

Mr. Codd always started his morning's shopping at Little Jim's Grocery Store in order to get the worst over first. Like eating the pill before the sugar coating. But the taste remained. The morning was ruined, at whichever end of it you put Old Fat Face.

Mr. Codd had often wished that somebody would run the pest out of the town; then a morning would be a morning. Something to look forward to.

It was the man's smirky ways, and his hand-rubbing, and his obvious remarks.

Mr. Codd knew that as soon as he got inside the shop now Old Fat Face would rub his hands and say: "Got a bicycle, I see, Mr. Codd."

As if nearly everybody in the town, with the town's cars laid up, hadn't got a bicycle now. You could see them tumbling on and off all over the place. But why mention it?

The same if you had a new overcoat on, or a cold under way. "Got a cold, I see, sir." Old Fat Face had to say the obvious thing. And it properly got on Mr. Codd's nerves.

Nobody could understand why Little Jim didn't throw him neck and crop out of the shop. After all, it *was* Little Jim's shop. Old Fat Face was only a sort of manager, although he strutted about as if he paid the rent *and* the rates.

The trouble was that Little Jim had never stood up to anybody, never *spoken* up to anybody, in all his fifty years. And Old Fat Face did know things about running a Grocery Store. Even if his smirky ways and his obvious remarks lost Little Jim more customers than they gained.

It annoyed Mr. Codd to be thus irritated in advance by Old Fat Face on this morning, his first morning on a bicycle, when he ought to be keeping his mind on *that*. . . .

He went in, and sure enough Old Fat Face smirked forward, rubbing his hands as usual. And Little Jim in his self-effacing way sidled back into the shadows. As usual.

"GOOD *morning*, sir," said Old Fat Face, oily as you like.

Mr. Codd bought what he wanted, paid for it, took his change and pulled on his gloves.

"Got a bicycle, I see, Mr. Codd," said Old Fat Face.

Mr. Codd bolted. He didn't even answer. He went out and slammed the door and trod on a dog and bumped into a passer-by; and in a perfect rage he jumped upon his bike, spun her round, pressed down the pedals and ran into a lamp-post.

Blaming Old Fat Face for that . . .

Somebody laughed and one or two boys gathered round. Mr. Codd, red in the face, inspected the damage. The front mudguard was bent a bit, but the wheel seemed to run clear.

On reflection, it was his own fault. He should have kept his mind on his machine instead of on Old Fat Face.

But knowing that didn't make his temper any sweeter.

Not wanting to tempt fate twice in front of an audience, he wheeled his bike to the greengrocer's, wheeled it to the post office, wheeled it to the public library. Where he parked it and went in.

Being irritated already, he seemed to know that he was going to be more and more irritated as the morning went on. Something seemed to tell him that *Stardust* would not be in, although he had been on the waiting list for five weeks.

It wasn't. . . .

"Sorry," said the girl behind the counter, smiling at her friend and taking no notice whatever of Mr. Codd.

That particular girl had always annoyed him. He turned away and began to fumble on the shelves. No good arguing with a creature like that. Fool of a girl!

Before very long Mr. Codd was loathing the public library. Silly books, heavy books, long books, old books—anything but what you wanted.

He plucked them out and pushed them back, and after three-quarters of an hour of this kind of relaxation he picked something blind and got out . . . in a furious temper.

Seething inwardly, he snatched his bicycle from the kerb, flung his leg over it, thrust upon the pedal, wobbled round and ran into the back of a passing trade van.

The van seemed not to have noticed. It went gaily on its way, and Mr. Codd, still astride his machine, began to pull off and throw away the remains of his lamp.

Two crashes in one morning! Mr. Codd wondered what his wife would have to say when he got home.

He wheeled his machine round a corner as far as Stubbs' Cycle Shop.

"Been having a bit of trouble?" asked Stubbs.

"Oh, no," said Mr. Codd heavily. "I do this every day for exercise. Nothing like a smashed-up bike for keeping you fit!"

Was the world *full* of fools?

He bought a new lamp and fixed it on and then flung his leg over the machine again. A little of Stubbs went miles with Mr. Codd All he wanted now was to get away from the little idiot.

And at that very moment he caught sight of the title of the book he had chosen blind at the public library.

Third Time Lucky.

HE cycled away, down the street and into Market Street and round to the Parade and up into Hanover Avenue and round into Bakery Lane.

Wondering . . .

Two crashes in one morning. Two . . . And here was this title on the cover of the library book.

Third Time Lucky.

Well, why not? He'd known that saying come true dozens of times. So had everybody. Third time lucky. . . . Yes, two crashes, but not serious. Once into a lamp-post, once into a van. Nothing, really. Two *Mere Bumps*, as you might say.

And since it seemed to be his morning for Mere Bumps, what was the third Mere Bump going to lead him to? A pretty face? A new friend? A meeting that might even carry him on to fortune?

Third time lucky. . . . So here goes!

Light of heart, the superstitious Mr. Codd swerved round into Bakery Lane and ran full tilt into Little Jim, who was crossing the road to have his hair cut.

There was a shout, a dreadful tearing sound, and then Mr. Codd slid up the pavement on his ear.

* * *

LITTLE Jim limped into his grocery store. And before you could say knife Old Fat Face was slithering forward, rubbing his hands.

"Torn your trousers, I see, sir," he said.

It wanted, at that particular moment, that. Just that. That did it.

"Get out!" shouted Little Jim.

"Beg your pardon?" said Old Fat Face.

"Out!" cried Little Jim. "You're finished! Here's your money for a fortnight! Go!"

"Yes, but what——"

"Get *out*!" Little Jim repeated. "I'm sick of your slobbering ways. I'm sick of your fat face. This is my shop—I'm going to run it in future. Out!"

And out Old Fat Face had to go.

The little cashier was staggered.

"How—how did you come to do it, sir?" she asked.

"Lost my temper," said Little Jim. "First time in my life. But being run down by three bicycles in one morning——"

"Three?

"Three separate bicycles! The first time I was surprised. The second time I was annoyed. But the third time, when old Codd ran me down in Bakery Lane and tore my trousers——well, something had to burst, and I told Old Fat Face what I've been wanting to tell him for years."

"Third time lucky," said the cashier.

"What?" said Little Jim.

"Well, if it's got rid of Old Fat Face."

"Never thought of that," said Little Jim. "Yes."

HUMAN MACHINE

WISH AND THINK

The war has produced many words and phrases that are new, vivid and useful.

Also some that are not so useful—like "wishful thinking."

Mr. J. L. Garvin long ago said that what he objected to was not "wishful thinkers," but "unthinking wishers."

Another writer has said that if this country had not been boldly wishful in all its thinking since France threw in the sponge, Germany would have won the war.

How true! And how sick we are of those who seem to think it wicked to try to see the goal ahead.

For that's all that anyone could possibly mean by "wishful thinking."

Every human being who uses his brain at all can't help finding his thoughts running towards the goal for which he is striving.

Planning to reach a goal ahead that you have seen in your wishes, so to speak, is "wishful thinking"—and the more the merrier.

If you do nothing but wish, then you're certainly an "unthinking wisher."

Wish *and* think—ideas first and actions next. That's the way results are always achieved.

DO YOU WANT SQUARE MUSHROOMS?

SAYS Dr. H. A. Skinner: "In a few years' time we shall be wearing synthetic clothes, living in synthetic houses, driving on synthetic petrol and even eating synthetic food."

Which seems to me to show that Dr. Skinner is a tiny bit out of date. The spacious times to which he looks forward with glee or horror are already upon us.

What Dr. Skinner probably meant was that in a few years' time *everything* will be giving a lifelike imitation of something else.

And if you like the samples we have already received you will like the full consignment when delivery is made.

We no longer get up at seven o'clock in the morning. At least we *do*, but we give it a synthetic name: we call it eight o'clock.

Even our eggs, I am told, are largely synthetic, due to the food which we feed to fowls, which will become, in a few generations, synthetic hens.

★ ★ ★

Well, that's all right if you want it. If you like a lifelike imitation, all well and good. So long as you don't hypnotise yourself.

If you want to get up at seven o'clock in the morning do so by all means. But *call* it seven o'clock.

Lots of people will not agree with me, but I think the Summer Time Fake is one of the silliest things in this silly world.

If you want to eat a dishful of little square cubes guaranteed by the Ministry of Little Square Cubes to taste like mushrooms and to contain all the qualities of mushrooms, well, who shall say you nay?

But for goodness' sake don't *call* them mushrooms. They're not.

★ ★ ★

How can synthetic petrol *be* petrol? It may look like it. It may do the same job. But if it's a new thing, give it a new name.

It's not only silly to kid ourselves as we are doing. It isn't fair. Because one day something's going to happen.

In about a hundred years' time, when we're living our completely synthetic lives, somebody named Smith or something is going to be born.

And being a pioneer, as a few men are every now and again, he's going to breed a real hen and get from the hen a *real egg*. Or perhaps he'll go out for a stroll and discover a *real mushroom*.

But if we've already got what we *call* eggs, what we *call* mushrooms, he may find it hard to convince us.

Given a chance, he'll make a fortune. He'll deserve to.

So let's be fair to him. Starting now.

A. G.

ARE OUR LIVES RULED BY ACCIDENT?

Too many people allow themselves to be influenced by so called "omens" of misfortune

IN a world which is governed by scientific laws we expect to find a reasonable cause for everything that happens. If a man slips down and sprains his ankle he looks for the patch of ice or grease that let him down.

But if he is superstitious he attributes his downfall to some "cause" which is ridiculous—he forgot to say "White rabbits" on the first of the month, or he put up his umbrella in the house.

"A cousin of mine stayed with me recently," *writes a woman reader*, "and her superstitions nearly drove me crazy.

"Not only the old and well-known ones such as spilling salt, walking under a ladder, and crossing knives, but ordinary domestic trifles.

"It was bad luck to clean windows or mirrors on a Friday, to put on a table-cloth upside down, to put two plates on each other, to let letters cross in the post, and dozens more.

"She carries her superstitions too far and makes her life a burden; but she takes them all so seriously and makes a real fetish of them.

"I wish I could make her see how foolish she is. How can I make her realise the absurdity of it all?"

The cousin evidently thinks the universe is run by a series of accidents, and, in her more lucid moments she must know how stupid it is; but these darker instincts are stronger than arguments.

She must know that to see the new moon through glass cannot be the cause for her losing her purse, but her muddled ideas won't allow her to act differently. She will go on looking for black cats and horse-shoes as long as she lives.

Two things might change her—namely, a training in scientific thinking or religious faith; but even faith in an Almighty Providence may get tangled with her superstitions and magic.

Have readers ever noticed that people create their own private superstitions?

"A FRIEND of mine who is a band-leader tells me that whenever he includes a certain serenade in his programme he invariably has bad luck with his bets!" *says a man.*

"He makes his bets before he decides his programme, so he must think that the playing of this particular piece of music somehow affects the horses.

"Another acquaintance who once won a prize for cross-words thinks that his good fortune is due to his having posted in a particular pillar-box, and although it is rather out of his way, he posts everything of importance there.

"I know another who thinks that whenever the 20th of the month falls on a Saturday he will meet with disasters.

"As soon as he gets the calendar for the new year he goes through it to find out how many of these bad days there will be.

"In fact, I believe that almost everybody invents little superstitions, and I confess I have one or two of my own. How, then, can you say that human beings are reasonable creatures?"

The answer is that I can't and don't. Anybody who has read a few books about psychology is aware that we form our opinions first and find reasons to justify them afterwards.

If I hypnotise a man and tell him that when he wakes up he will switch on the wireless at 3 o'clock, he will do it; but if I ask him the reason he will give me half a dozen.

But this question of private superstitions is interesting, and I doubt whether it has ever been investigated. That man who thinks that Saturday the 20th is unlucky must have a motive, although he may have forgotten it.

BEFORE we leave the subject of superstitions I want to thank many readers for writing about the effect of the moon on human nature.

A farm worker tells me that animals are strongly affected at the time of full moon. A nurse in a mental home is certain that the idea is true, and an ex-warder of a prison tells me that the moon undoubtedly makes the inmates restive.

Scores of women say their husbands are worst at either new moon or at the full. I have room to quote from one of the letters received.

"As I am in the scholastic profession," *writes a reader*, "I have had much opportunity of noticing the effect of the moon on children. Sometimes it causes them to be excitable and gay; at other times they are bad-tempered and easily upset.

"They cannot help themselves, and the best method is to be prepared for it and ignore it. Any attention drawn to the change of moon makes them irritable. I think it is some kind of magnetic brain-storm which is the explanation."

Am I convinced that there is something in the theory?

I am, at least, convinced that many people believe it is true, but that is not the same thing.

One man wrote to say that the full moon transformed him into an ardent lover, but I suspect he was trying to "pull my leg."

Nevertheless I do believe him, and assure him that the experience is not altogether unknown.

★ *Every week Humanist tackles a post-bag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)*

VOICE OF THE

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

ANOTHER JOHN BULL reader has been honoured for bravery in action, and has been commended in the "London Gazette." This time it is Gunner George Gill, of Glasgow, engaged on convoy duty in the Mediterranean.

He tells his story without frills in a letter to a friend at Alfred Road, Gloucester:

Perhaps you have heard that on our last trip our ship was sunk, but, fortunately, I and all the rest of the crew were saved.

We were on one of those notorious runs from Alexandria to Malta—and didn't we have some excitement! We were blitzed for some hours before we were sunk, and although at the actual time three bombs hit the ship at once, no one was killed.

I lost everything except what I was wearing—and my temper! But I did not have to jump into the sea like most of the others. The last few of us were taken off by one of the escort destroyers.

We kept at the fire on board until the ammunition went off—then we decided to go off, too!

Eventually landed back safe at Alexandria.

There, our hope of a fairly long leave petered out, as we were away again on an urgent trip, and here we are halfway across the world again.

WHAT A LIFE!

Stationed in India, Fus. G. Potter, Lancashire Fusiliers, discovers that life in the Army is not so bad after all. He writes to his parents at Rock Street, Higher Openshaw, Manchester:

Apart from three weeks of torrential rain, which meant that we were up to our knees in mud best part of the time, we enjoyed ourselves. Conditions at our new camp are much better.

With enough money life could be one long laze.

For one anna I can have a shave in bed; the "Char-wallah" comes round with tea, followed by a "Boot-wallah" to clean my boots.

Then comes the "Dobie-wallah," who does the washing at one anna per article, and, believe me, he is some "washer-woman."

"Service with a smile" is the idea. I have had my slacks and shorts starched and ironed all ready for when I go out walking. Talk about Beau Brummel!

Apart from lying in bed, I have my lorry to look after, and we go marching quite a bit. Oh, happy feet!

Once a week we go to a near-by town to see the pictures (all-talking, all-British), and very good they are. All the love in the world to you.

TWO CAMELS FOR A WATCH!

After twelve months in Malta, F./Sgt. Pilot J. G. Parker, R.A.F., was sent to the West Coast of Africa, where he made a sudden and unexpected landing in the wilds. He writes to his father at Filey Road, Scarborough:

I was flying in an aeroplane which suddenly took a violent dislike to me, and decided to have engine trouble, miles away from anywhere.

Lots of fumes came into the cockpit, and I couldn't see the instruments. I half decided to jump for it, but then thought that I would stay with my water and rations.

I landed in a dried-up river-bed, and all went well until I reached the end of my landing run, when the wheels ran

However far our desert fighting men may range, the Field Post Office helps them to keep touch with the folk at home

READER'S VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

WE are advised not to deposit the skins of lemons, oranges, grapefruit and bananas in pig-food tins. Is this "wishful thinking"?—Mrs. Ellis, Burslem, Stoke-on-Trent.

★ ★ ★

Why must shaded main street lamps be kept burning on moonlight nights when visibility is perfect without them?—W. A. Knutton, Long Eaton, Notts.

★ ★ ★

We are desperately short of coal, so if our prisoners of war can work on the land, why cannot they be put to work in the coalmines?—"T. G.," Hove.

★ ★ ★

Sir William Beveridge's Social Services report will, I hope, recommend pensions for helpless civilian cripples. The blind deserve their pensions, but cripples who can't walk are even more helpless.—Mr. G. Parry, Old Colwyn, N. Wales.

★ ★ ★

A soldier in the Middle East has sent sketches by Airgraph. If small photos could be sent by this service it would be a boon to overseas troops.—T. Renshaw, Higher Openshaw, Manchester.

★ ★ ★

We are asked to give up children's toys for salvage, presumably to buy the new toys which are being sold at scandalous prices!—S. Bagshaw, Holbeck, Leeds.

★ ★ ★

A tax on all stocks and shares resold within twelve months of purchase would help to prevent speculation and gambling.—R. Galsworthy, Exmouth.

LIFE'S GLIMPSES

IN a world that is strained to the utmost and shrouded in mists of War, Life's glimpses become more important than they ever were before. Glimpses of Hope 'midst disaster, glimpses of joy 'midst pain, and glimpses of blue in the troubled skies like patches of Faith 'gainst Life's rain.

IN a world that is shaping its Future and hewing it out of stress, there's glimpses of silver linings, and glimpses of blessedness. Glimpses of shining horizons where Life's Ship of Promise sails, and there's the glimpse of the silver edge of Justice's Waiting Scales.

IN a world that has found its level, and writhed in the dust of remorse, through the Godless March of multitudes in their dark self-seeking course; there are glimpses of God's Great Forgiveness and of a Generation-To-Be, bearing the Torch of FREEDOM for all Heaven and Earth to see.

J. M.

TROOPS

into a soft patch. I tipped up on my nose and broke the airscrew.

As I stepped out of the machine I was surrounded by dozens of natives, who, naturally, couldn't understand my cuss words, and took them for salutations.

Just then a huge cloud of steam and smoke came out of the engine of my machine, and in less than a minute all the coloured lads disappeared as if by magic into the bush.

Later, by means of signs, I indicated that I wanted to get to ——. At this one wise fellow produced a camel.

He lent me a turban, as I had lost my topee, and I mounted the strange beast, feeling like Ali Baba setting off on a raid.

After two hours I realised that there had been a slight misunderstanding. The journey by camel which I thought would take two hours I now learnt, to my sorrow, would take two days!

So I returned to my machine and prepared to settle down for the night. I had not much to eat, so I went and shot a guinea-fowl, which was cooked by one of my new-found friends—and it was delicious.

At ten o'clock, when I was just getting off to sleep, I heard a knock and a voice coming out of the night, saying: "Anyone at home?"

It was the District Commissioner, and he took me back to his camp, where whisky and beer made their welcome appearance.

In the morning the local Chief took a fancy to my wrist-watch and offered to swap me two camels for it. Now, what would I do with two camels!

Eventually I arrived at ——, quite safe, after some minor difficulties.

A pleasant adventure, but I prefer landing in good order at an aerodrome.

"ACHING FOR A CHANGE"

Serving with the R.A.F. in the Middle East, Cpl. R. Green, after a long journey by lorry across the desert, seems to prefer travel by air. He writes to a friend at Lanesborough Road, Leicester:

There were no roads, just wide stretches of sand, and sometimes rocky paths as we went through the mountains.

The going was very rough, and at times we were shaken to bits, but the bloke at the wheel seemed to like it. Then we got stuck in the sand and spent an hour or more digging ourselves out.

Anyway, we got to our destination, which was a collection of mud-huts and a fort by the sea. By that time we were "aching" for a change of life in more senses than one.

HE PREFERRED A "GASPER"

Also somewhere out in the desert, Sig. S. Smith, Royal Corps of Signals, has a day off duty and goes out "seeing things." He writes to his sister at Shackleton Road, Ipswich:

I arrived at a little village close to the canal and found a little native refreshment bazaar.

All round me were Arabs, Bedouins, and Sudanese wearing a gay mixture of colourful clothing, which seemed to make the right background for the lilting native music which you always hear in a bazaar in the Orient.

Then I took my "seat" squatting cross-legged on a little mat at a low table. The proprietor hastened to welcome me as if I were a long-lost friend.

I have coffee and sugar melon, while my gaily garbed companions suck contentedly at their "bubbly-bubbly" pipes, smoking hashish. They offered me a pipe—but I preferred a "gasper."

★ For sheer, ice-cold courage it would be hard to match the exploit of Captain Donald MacDonald, the Clydeside skipper whose story is here set down by Commodore Purssey-Phillips. But for this skipper and his brave crew it was just "one more job done"

By COMMODORE G. PURSSEY-PHILLIPS

A huge, black, sullen wave of smoke began to trail out . . .

Tramp Defied a Nazi Cruiser!

THE convoy was a big one, and it carried even more than usually important cargoes.

It moved along majestically, covering square miles of grey and heaving sea. There was merriment aboard, for they had passed safely the hunting-ground of the *Emmy Goering*, our people's nickname for a big ocean-going U-boat with a sinister record of successful attacks.

Since then, by the way, this submarine has been caught by one of our aircraft patrols and blown to bits.

Harm was Done

Leading the convoy was the 10,000-ton Commodore Ship.

Overhead, the hum of a Liberator, sweeping ahead and circling back; underfoot, the steady plugging of the engines; past one's ears, the whine of the salty wind and the murmur of the sea along the ship's side.

Suddenly, far away, a black spot in the sky, swiftly coming closer. An enemy bomber; a big one with four engines. The Liberator, away on the far side of the convoy, came roaring over.

The German did not wait to be challenged. It turned away, and the chase went out of sight.

But the harm was done!

Up there in the clouds, a German radio-sender was chatter-chattering. Far away below the horizon another German sitting in the cabin of a cruiser raider was writing down the aircraft's message.

Not long afterwards there flickered urgently through the afternoon mist a series of hurried blinks from one of the convoy. It was a medium-sized freighter, skippered by Captain Donald MacDonald of Glasgow, as tough and competent a Master as ever walked a bridge.

The message passed incredibly quickly to the Commodore Ship.

The smear of smoke on the heaving skyline that had attracted Captain MacDonald's attention was coming nearer. A dark spot beneath it presently resolved itself into the distant form of a ship, slinky and powerful, racing up at more than twice the speed of the fastest ship in that convoy.

Already, in response to urgent orders, the convoy was melting and re-forming. Engines were thudding at a pace never intended by their makers.

There was a flash, a thud, and a great column of water burst skywards to port of MacDonald's ship.

Captain MacDonald gave a curt order.

"Aye, aye, sir!" answered the boy at the helm—a sixteen-year-old Glasgow lad named Jimmy Morrison.

Stuck to Her Course

And the rusty, stained little tramp-ship turned straight *towards* the on-rushing enemy cruiser.

The ships, still some miles apart, rushed towards each other like leviathan knights in some colossal lists at a tournament of the sea. The tramp was flying the Red Ensign; it stood out stiff and proud in the wind.

Another shell screamed over their heads and exploded some way astern. The ship reared—like a bucking horse, seamen said afterwards. But she stuck to her course, the boy at the helm held her hard.

The German cruiser did not seem to know what to make of this impudent advance. Perhaps, with the suspicion inherent in Nazi minds, her captain supposed that this ship coming racing towards him was a decoy to take his attention off the rest of the convoy.

At any rate, he ignored MacDonald's ship and sent his shells arching over her. A convoy vessel was badly hit, listed heavily, began to sink.

MacDonald suddenly barked another order. Again the steersman answered.

And then, within very close range, where a single hit might have blown them clean out of the water, the tramp came sharply round broadside on to the advancing German cruiser, as if inviting the attacker to run her down.

And from MacDonald's vessel began to trail out a huge black plume of sullen, waving smoke.

Too late the round-headed Teuton officers in the warship's control tower saw the manœuvre.

An Ice Calm Plan

Too late they realised that they had been wrong—that the dirty little tramp that had rushed towards them had not, in fact, lost its head in a panic, but had come to meet them with an ice-calm plan.

The cruiser's gun-muzzles came sliding down to a nearer elevation, and with a thunderous roar they began to hurl death at the rusty little ship

As the deafening sound of the salvo echoed across the waves to the convoy, they saw MacDonald's ship vanish among waterspouts and smoke and steam. . . .

Then the scene cleared, and there was the little steamer wallowing doggedly along, still broadside on to her big attacker, laying an impenetrable smoke-screen to save the convoy.

Again the cruiser turned her wrath against the little ship. Perhaps visibility was bad; perhaps the sudden change of orders had jarred the gunners' nerves. They did not hit her.

And then she turned away, her job done, into the massive black artificial cloud of her own making that now lay clinging to the misty water between the scattering convoy and the balked German warship.

From behind there, guns flashed and explosions shook the air. But the cruiser was firing wild—firing blind!

Calmly enough, MacDonald gave a fresh order, and the ship's head was put round in the smothering smoke, back towards the place where the convoy had been.

Steadily, as if picking a way up the misty Clyde, Skipper MacDonald retraced his steps. The engines rang "Slow" . . . "Full speed astern." . . .

The ship came to a standstill amidst foaming water. Away on the far side of the big black smoke-screen the German guns wildly bellowed their rage, and of them the tramp steamer took no more notice than if it had been the shouting of a Saturday afternoon crowd watching the Rangers at Ibrox Park.

For she had still some work to do.

Ignoring the Peril

Ignoring the peril of destruction that lay only a mile or two away, and that was searching for them with all the vindictiveness of a monster robbed of its prey, MacDonald's men went to and fro over the mist-wrapped seas, picking up survivors from the ship that had been sunk by the raider's gunfire before the screen was laid.

For two hours those boats searched. They collected *eighty-five* survivors.

Presently, having done their work, they moved quietly off over the darkening seas.

Just one more job done by seamen who never flinched from any risk.

Skipper MacDonald was awarded the George Medal. Young Morrison, the boy steersman, got the B.E.M. for so gallantly keeping the wheel under heavy fire.

Second Engineer William MacManus, of Newport, who remained at his post in the engine-room for eight hours, received the M.B.E.

RUBBER FRONT

WE received a letter from Eastcote, Middlesex.

It said: "Why should I search my house for rubber? There's a million times more than I can find littered all over the countryside.

"A lorry with big fat tyres is decaying outside my local station. Near it are more tyres which local children use for their games."

We congratulate our correspondent on his powers of observation—but on little else.

It's true there is waste rubber everywhere—enough, taking the country as a whole, to see us through the next twelve months of war.

But often you'd have to wear out lorry tyres to find it.

We regard as a 100 per cent. citizen the Essex woman who, seeing a lot of old tyres in a copse, collected them for salvage.

Total yield: Seventeen tyres and bits equalling another five tyres.

OUR GRAVEST SHORTAGE IS RUBBER. To see it go to waste is to play the game of the Japs, who have seized most world sources.

Hand over every bit you have. Collect all you see. Better still, become a Street Salvage Collector.

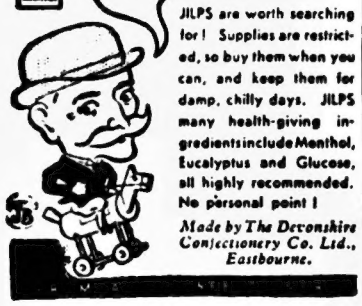
Why ANDREWS is the Ideal Tonic Laxative

When days are cold try Andrews with the chill off

8 ozs. 1/10½, including purchase tax

(27)

JILPS



JILPS are worth searching for! Supplies are restricted, so buy them when you can, and keep them for damp, chilly days. JILPS many health-giving ingredients include Menthol, Eucalyptus and Glucose, all highly recommended. No personal point!

Made by The Devonshire Confectionery Co. Ltd., Eastbourne.

COLDS & 'FLU

Quickly banished by

Cephos

Sold everywhere in tablet or powder form 1/3 & 2/- SINGLE DOSE 2d.

BENBOW'S DOG MIXTURE

52 WATERLOO CUP WINNERS have been conditioned on Benbow's. Give it to *your* dog, whatever his breed or age. For leaflet which will help you to solve to-day's dog-diet problems, send penny stamp to Benbow's Dog Mixture Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.) 26, Copers Cope Road, Beckenham, Kent.

At Chemists and Corn Merchants,

Keep YOUR Dog fit on Benbow's.

"A 100.. & just as I'd have wished to make them." says:

John White

IF the Government had given me a free hand I couldn't have made my Utility Footwear to a better specification, and I am pleased to market these Boots and Shoes under my famous *Impregnable* and *Temeraire* Brands. A 100 is the official Utility Mark allotted to me and it aptly describes this footwear. A1 quality and 100 per cent. value. Look out for them in your district.

Impregnable Style KB 110 or with toe-cap KB 191.

Black Chrome Service Boot.

Impregnable UTILITY FOOTWEAR

JOHN WHITE *(Impregnable Boots)* LTD. HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

LAST LAUGH

F. L. (York).—"I am twenty stone weight and the doctors have turned me down, saying they don't think I could stand up to a fight." They mean, of course, they don't think you'd jump to it.

J. M. (Kilmarnock).—"My wife recently upset a bottle of castor-oil over my photograph." So now you have a portrait in oils?

J. S. (Leeds).—"During an argument my brother lifted the aspidistra and threw it at me." He took a pot shot at you.

PTE. G. M. (Somewhere at Sea).—"I made to help one of the lads who was seasick, and got my wallet stolen for my efforts." He was not so green as he looked.

A B (Paisley).—"In the interests of the nation I have decided to give no Christmas presents this year, but to put all the money I save by this decision into War Savings." (See letter below.)

MRS. B. (Paisley).—"My husband never gives presents. He is so mean." (See letter above.)

P. M. (Leeds).—'Our office-boy is a steady lad." Too lazy to move, eh?

T. C. (Dundee).—"Every time I meet my uncle he dashes me off to a pub and stands me a drink." Ale fellow, well met.

A. J. L. (Ayr)—"What steps would you take if you were confronted by a mad dog?" Long ones.

R. P. (Bedminster).—"There is one change I have had to make recently that has left me irritated and uncomfortable." Into your winter underwear?

MISS G. (Folkestone).—"I am getting on in years now, and my younger boy friend seems to be slipping away from me." Afraid you are losing your youth?

SERGEANT-PILOT (Cambridge).—"I am nervous about approaching my girl's father in his office, especially as it is up several flights of stairs. Won't you wish me luck?" Yes. Happy landings!

F. D. (Bideford).—"I am very fond of a certain girl, but am told I haven't a hundred-to-one chance of marrying her." You are evidently considered something of an outsider.

BOB (Edgware).—"The wife I seek is one who has known suffering, but has not been crushed." In other words, a widow.

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yer know they say James the Second slept in that bed, Bill."
"'Zat so, well you can tell 'em Old William the First is usin' it now."

Side-Slips

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS.—". . . who were watching a LOG-FIGHT were injured by pieces of A.A. shell."

BRISTOL EVENING POST.—". . . he joined the R.A.F. in India, and saw service in Iraq, where he was FOUNDED."

TOTTENHAM AND EDMONTON WEEKLY HERALD.—". . . has adopted a ship, from the crew of which a box of curios from West Africa has been DECKIVED."

THE NEWS OF THE WORLD.—". . . made a hole through the plaster and rubble and lifted out the child UNARMED."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS.—"Several sticks of BOMBERS were dropped . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● These three unfortunate little girls lost both their parents through an enemy air raid on London. Their father was a member of the A.F.S. on duty during the bombing. Their mother died later through illness directly traceable to shock from the loss of her husband and the continuance of the blitz.

They are now being cared for by their grandmother, a hard-working woman of sixty-four. For six years she traded in a market-place, but had to give it up owing to the serious illness of her husband, age sixty-seven, who served in the last war.

The second child, Josephine, is in very poor health, and continually needs medical attention.

This case is commended to us by a clergyman in the parish as being a most deserving cause for help and sympathy.

Will you please send what you can, earmarked "Grandma," or for our General Fund, to the JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny received being passed to those in need.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

FIRST PRIZE £50—'BULLETS' 1,350

G. B. Sheppard, 4, Branksome Road, Merton Park, S.W.19, for this "Bullet":—

MALTA
"WARREN," PUT No "RABBITS."

£30: G. Hotchkin, 7, Conway Ave., Cleveleys, Lancs.
Healthy Nation—That's Motherhood's "National Service."

£10: R. S. Turner, 1, Meldon Tce., New Kyo, Annfield Plain.
Scene Of Devastation—Warsaw, Rotterdam, Stalingrad—Berlin?

£5: Miss M. K. Mugridge, "Ciel Bleu," 20, Boundary Rd., Eastcote, Middx.
Malta—Every Inch A "Fighter."

£4: F. Sherlock, "Tintern," Agar Rd., Newquay.
Healthy Nation—Fewer Rides—Greater "Strides."

£3: F. S. George, 25, Elliott St., Wilnes.
Jolt For The Axis—"Going Over" Charter's "Points."

£2: C. Taylor, 10, Moorfield Grove, Bournemouth.
To The End—Or For, Follow Winston!

CASH for XMAS

SEE OFFERS NEXT PAGE

20s.: A. Heathcote, 1, Steel Bank Villas, Sheffield.
A Master-stroke—Don't Repeat Every "Brish."

20s.: Mrs. W. Turner, 9, Boothby Ave., Ashbourne, Derbys.
Thanks To The Ladies—Being "Unequalled."
Sex Equality!

10s.: M. Lauder, 41, Bellevue Rd., Edinburgh.
On The Offensive—Inside Sergeant-major, Cook's Revenge!

10s.: Pte. V. Mace, 14274371, c/o L. H. Mace, High St., Moreton-in-Marsh, Glos.
Scene Of Devastation—Shoes Like "Wont Off."

10s.: L./Cpl. H. F. Northwood, 6396824, Ward 10, South Wharncliffe Emergency Hospital, Wadsley, Sheffield.
One Thing Missing—On Church Parade, Handcuffs!

A list of 90 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

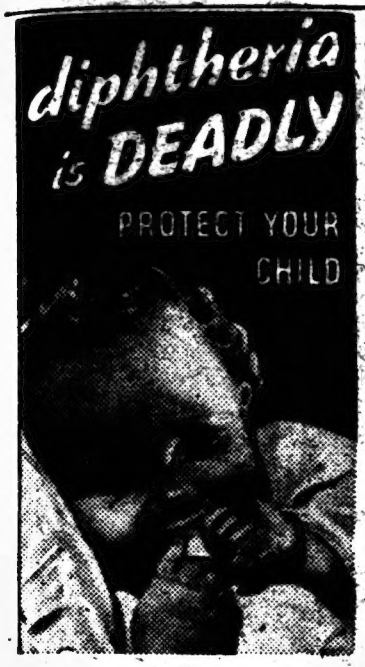
2 BIG CHEQUES

WON BY XWORD 302

WINNING WORDS: 1. Flight. 2. Corner. 3. Soot. 4. Goose. 5. Vent. 6. Worry. 7. Pastor. 8. Mat. 9. Grab. 10. Pell. 11. Collar. 12. Whip. 13. Farmer. 14. Gobble.

The following 2 competitors submitted sets of Answers differing at one point only from most meritorious set of Answers above and thus share £100:—
W. P. Lawrence, Imperial Stores, Ystradmynach, Glam.
J. Shaws, 14, Carson Rd., London, S.E.21.
(They will also receive Surprise Award at Christmas.)
Runners-up Awards, value £25, shared between 48 entrants, who submitted sets of Answers differing at two points only.

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE £340



Have your child immunised FREE—*the sooner after the first birthday the better.* Ask at your Council's Offices or Welfare Centre.

Immunisation is safe and simple

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH

Help from Fynnon Salt

for rheumatic lady

This lady read in her Sunday newspaper a fellow-sufferer's letter of thanks for Fynnon Salt. She got her pen and wrote to us at once: *"I have just read in my Sunday paper a lady's letter of thanks—I also have suffered from rheumatism. At times I have been unable to lift a tray from the table or cut bread for my kiddies.* I also find nothing does me so much good as Fynnon Salt."

Fynnon Salt helps to purify the bloodstream, flushes liver and kidneys, eliminates from the body many of the poisons which contribute to rheumatism. Large tin of Fynnon 1/6. Trial size 7d. *Prices include Purchase Tax. As a wartime economy Fynnon Salt is now packed in a round tin. Get one today.*

NATURE'S SALT OF THE EARTH

Fynnon Ltd., Gt. West Rd., Brentford, Middlesex

SO EASY TO AVOID INDIGESTION

Fully 90 per cent. of stomach sufferers need never endure another twinge of indigestion if they kept the acidity of their stomach within bounds. Doctors agree that the quickest, safest way to alkalize an acid stomach is to take 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals. Thousands of former sufferers have discovered this unfailing way of avoiding indigestion, wind, nausea, sour repeating, and worse gastric troubles. Foods that once tortured them, they can now enjoy and digest to their heart's content. If you are subject to indigestion get 'Milk of Magnesia' and take it after your next meal. It makes food agree and eases digestion amazingly. You'll be delighted. Be sure to get 'Milk of Magnesia.' 1/5 and 2/10. Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 7d., 1/1½, 2/3 and 3/11½. Obtainable everywhere.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Make your own Cough Mixture

A New Recipe

No other remedy gives such quick relief in all cases of Coughs, Colds, or other Bronchial troubles as this recipe. If these directions are carefully followed it can easily be prepared in a very few minutes.

Directions: Heat half a pint of water (but it must not be boiling), and to this you simply add the contents of a 1-oz. bottle of Parmint (double strength) which is made up from 10 ingredients as used in the good old-fashioned remedies, and can be supplied by any good chemist. If you should have a little sugar or any sweetening syrup to spare, one or two spoonfuls may be added, taking care that it is well dissolved. A tablespoonful of the made-up mixture after the three principal meals and before retiring at night will bring a speedy end to your bronchial troubles.

FINAL OFFER of CASH FOR XMAS!

INCREASED XWORD 1ST PRIZE

Win £125 ONE Week Only—Be Quick! RUNNERS-UP AWARD Value £25

Xword No. 302 Result—page 14. Post this week's coupon to address at foot.

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No 306

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col	3p	3p	3p
1 PEOPLE ARE APT TO BE THIS WITH BIRTHDAY PRESENTS	LA ISH			
2 IT'D BIT OF A BOTHER WHEN THIS WON'T CARRY ITS LOAD	GRI			
3 TRAINED ATHLETES WILL SHOW UP WELL DURING LONG ONE	MA CH			
4 SOCIETY PAINTER GETS BETTER RESULTS BY PAYING ATTENTION TO	DRA ING			
5 FORWARD SHOULDN'T LOSE HIS TEMPER WHEN THIS BY DESPERATE DASH	FO LED			
6 GENIUS'S ROAD TO SUCCESS IS	LON			
7 BREACH IS APT TO BE BROUGHT ABOUT BY FRIEND'S THIS	IFT			
8 FACTORY GIRLS MAY REGARD HIM WITH CONTEMPT IF DRESSED SHOWILY	MAS ER			
9 WHEN OUT OF CONTROL MAY WELL PROVE EMBARRASSING	AWN			
10 WHEN YOU'RE IN A HURRY IT'S A NUISANCE TO RUN INTO	FOG			
11 HEAVY ARREARS OF RATES WILL BE THIS BY RATING AUTHORITY	DEB TED			
12 YOUNGSTER LIKES A STORY TO BE THIS	LU ID			
13 THIS MAY BE A KIND OF FROST	HOA			
14 TO DO THIS HASTILY WHEN FRIEND WANTS ADVICE IS APT TO BE UNKIND	DE IDE			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Jan. 2.

P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK

No..... MONDAY, DEC. 14.

Signed .....

Address .....

306.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated January 2, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

EASY
SHAVING STICK
GOOD FOR MORE THAN **100** SHAVES

LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED E 940-787-82

Fight Flu with FENNINGS FEVER CURER

and you'll feel fine

1/3 PER BOTTLE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

WRITE ALFRED FENNINGS COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT for copy of EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR and EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK—Post free

ESTABLISHED 50 YEARS

Fennings OINTMENT

NO PAINS AFTER MEALS

—thanks to friend, who advised

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

"I must say I have never had any pain since. I am sending you a postcard from another sufferer. I gave him two Moorland tablets and he said the same as I do. He said he eats better and has no pains so he and I are passing on the information."

(Signed) H. W., Manchester.

★ *Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets give instant relief from indigestion, biliousness, dyspepsia, flatulence, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, gastric catarrh and kindred troubles of the digestive organs. Sold at all chemists, 8½d. and 1/5d. including tax.*

RHEUMATISM

Don't let rheumatism get a grip on you! Don't neglect the first warning symptoms—sudden twinges of pain in your limbs and body. Drive out from your system the cause of your suffering with the aid of Sloans—it's wonderful what a few applications do. The soothing, warming liniment penetrates, stimulates the circulation and drives out the pain.

Sloans Liniment is just as good for Lumbago, Backache, Sciatica, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Cramp.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Can use my arm again!

SLOANS KILLS PAIN

LAST CHEQUES TO BE WON IN TIME FOR XMAS

FIRST PRIZE £50 VALUE OVER £200

50 CASH XMAS BOXES of 10/6

£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 38/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 1000 MERIT AWARDS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Joy Wire Day—Wednesday, Dec. 23.

FOR THE ALLIES
HERO OF THE HOUR
COMBINED OPERATIONS
THANKS TO THE YANKS
OUR CHRISTMAS DINNER
FRITZ WONDERS WHY
WHEN THE END COMES
PIECE OF CAKE
CONFOUNDED THE CRITICS
GOOD THRASHING

AUNTIE'S PRESENT
HONOUR AND GLORY
THROUGH THE GAP
WHAT WE'RE TOLD
MAN IN UNIFORM
SURPRISE IN STORE
OFF SHE WENT AND
THE DANGER SPOT
PARCEL FROM HOME
HE TRIED AND TRIED, BUT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

HOME-FOR.....
LEFT TO .....
MISSING HIS .....
ON HER .....
LANDING IN .....
BACKBONE OF THE.....

BULLETS 1,350 RESULT appears on page 14

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, at the rate of 6d. per two Bullets and 1d. for "Bulletin" dated Jan. 2.

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

Closing .....

1,6

ADDRE.

WHY BE A CARELESS LISTENER?

CARELESS LISTENING COSTS VALVES

Some people forget to switch off the radio even when they go out of the room and leave it empty. Of course, they don't really *mean* to waste electricity — or to give their valves unnecessary work . . . they are just careless listeners. They forget that radio valves are scarce nowadays, and that they may have great difficulty in replacing them when they ultimately wear out. *When you're not listening — SWITCH OFF!*

Mullard Sets and Valves are tough . . . made to stand any amount of hard work. That is why many thousands of fortunate Mullard owners who have enjoyed years of trouble-free, true-tone listening will, when supplies are once more available, again choose . . . MULLARD.

MULLARD

RADIO VALVES AND SETS

THE MULLARD WIRELESS SERVICE CO. LTD., CENTURY HOUSE, SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.C.2 (40)

I'm in for a bad cold

A chilly feeling—and a running nose. The infection is in your blood. Now you see the wisdom of keeping Phensic handy! Two tablets with a little water will cripple the activity of the cold germs, and help to get rid of their poisons by way of the kidneys. Your snuffles will dry up, the thick feeling in your head will vanish, and you'll be . . . . all right! Repeat the dose once or twice every few hours, just to make sure! 1/6 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

PHENSIC ACTS IN THIS WAY

Phensic is promptly absorbed into the blood. Kills the cold — picks-you-up!

—not if you kill the germs with Phensic

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

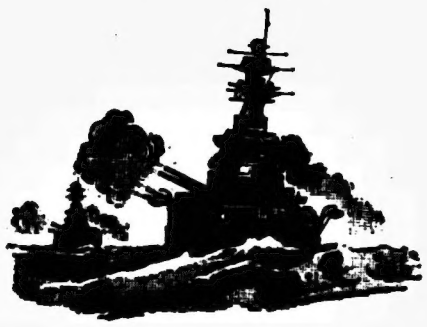
Here's a food that's STILL LESS THAN PRE-WAR PRICE

BOURNVILLE COCOA

THE 5-STAR

5D PER QTR. LB.

★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
★ IRON—THE BLOOD BUILDER
★ PHOSPHATES—FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
★ AID TO DIGESTION
★ VITAMIN D—VITAL TO HEALTH



Give Iron

to hasten the day of victory! Salvage all the 'scrap' you can find and send it where it will be used to build the ships and shells and other armaments of war that will help to give the United Nations the strength to win their great fight for freedom.

The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., who ask your indulgence if they are unable to supply you with any difficulty you may have in obtaining Iron Jelloid for the time being, are offering a limited quantity of the 1/4 size.

H. SAMUEL
THE EMPIRE'S LARGEST JEWELLER
When Victory is won H. Samuel shops will again be the Nation's Gift Headquarters at Christmas time. But today, guns come before gifts. So this year give the one patriotic present that is sure to please—give WAR SAVINGS GIFT TOKENS, and help to win the war.
Enquiries Market St Manchester

HOW TO END INDIGESTION

Whenever you feel a touch of indigestion, it is a wise precaution to take a dose of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder. The wide popularity of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is convincing evidence of the efficacy of this speedy and successful remedy for Stomach Pain, Flatulence, Heartburn, Nausea and proved safeguard against Gastritis and Stomach Ulcer.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is obtainable from all chemists. Price 2/3. Also in Tablet Form in 7d. boxes, or bottles at 1/5 and 2/3 (including Purchase Tax). Only genuine if signed "ALEX. C. MACLEAN."

Ridden House, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Agents for Australia & New Zealand: for Canada: Imperial News Co., Ltd., the Canadian Wholesale Subscription Service, Ltd. For America: International News Co., 131, Varick Street, New York, U.S.A.